The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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Gardner, on trial for murder, in Huntingdon, has been found guilty in the second degree.

Russia and England are not likely to fight after all about Afghanistan. John Bull is slightly backing down.

We never knew a legislature sit so long doing nothing—this applies both when in session and to the numerous adjournments. Let a cry go up from the wilderness.

There is a proposition to have the Supreme Court's sessions fixed at Harrisburg. Such a law might as well be passed—why should the supreme court be trotting around the state like a tramp? The state capital is the proper place for it.

The M'Veytown *Journal* is putting in big on "silverware" advs. Golly, won't Coony be able to set a splendid table.

Nothing that Cleveland can do would cure the Lewistown *Gazette* from its constitutional growl.

Nevada has a law which forbids treating. Now you can't ask a fellow to "set 'em up," nor can a hungry office seeker make friends by asking 'em to step up and take sutben. Whither are we drifting, and where will the fellows roost who only sit in the bar-room to get their free drinks?

Throw away that segar. Cancer cases are on the increase. Smoking brings on cancer. Gen. Grant finds his life ebbing out from cancer brought on by smoking. Don't smoke then, and preserve your system against one of the most loathsome diseases.

Throw away that segar.

The chief of the bureau of statistics reports that during the month of March there arrived in the custom districts of the United States 31,726 passengers, of whom 23,350 were immigrants, 4,650 citizens of the United States returned from abroad, and 3,722 aliens not intending to remain in the United States.

The row in Central America is about over and peace reigns among the midget republics. The basis of peace was accepted, on 11th, by San Salvador and Guatemala. Hostilities have ceased. A general amnesty has been proclaimed, and awaits the approval of the allies. The plenipotentiaries will meet in a cajutla to arrange a definite treaty of peace.

A copy of the "World's Wonders," published by the Historical Publishing Co., of St. Souis, Mo., has been received at this office, and we have no hesitancy in pronouncing it complete in every respect. Typographically it could not be better, it being printed on heavy fine paper, while its numerous illustrations are of high order. It will grace any library, and prove one of the most interesting books of the age.

Secretary Endicott has determined that all his clerks shall pay their debts. A man who don't pay his debts is not honest and should not be trusted to any responsible position, public or private. To swindle and cheat and get out of paying honest debts is getting to be the practice of many, and if Mr. Endicott's plan were followed by all there would be less dishonesty. Any one about Mr. Endicott's department who does not pay his debts will be discharged.

Last week one day a young man dropped dead of heart disease at Parker's log cabin in Elk county. His friends got the corps ready and sent one of their number with it to the logman's home. When the coffin was placed on the railroad car it was discovered that it was placed beside the coffin of the dead man's father who had died the same week. The wife and mother was on the train with her husband's corpse and never dreamed that son's corpse was also on the same train, as she had not yet learned of his death.

LIABILITY OF A MARRIED WOMAN'S ESTATE.

A decision was rendered by the supreme court of the United States in the case of Francis Dodges et. al., appellents against Thos. Knowles, which presents the question of the liability of a married woman for certain debts contracted by her husband nominally as her trustee. The court holds that neither the liability for provisions supplied at a dwelling house where a husband, wife and children are living together, nor a promissory note given by the husband, describing himself as trustee for the wife, in payment for such supplies, can be charged in equity upon the wife's separate estate without clear proof that she contracted the debt in her own behalf or intended to bind her separate estate for its payment.

SENDING DESPATCHES FROM A TRAIN MOVING THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.

In a corner of the baggage-car on the Port Morris branch of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad a telegraph operator stood beside his key sending messages, and from the sounder beside him receiving them. Passengers on the train watched and wondered for the train was rushing at the rate of thirty miles per hour and it was manifest that the operator was talking to the rest of the world. Several of the passengers wrote out despatches and enjoyed the novelty of having them sent from the flying train. The invention which is on trial has been given a test of months on his short branch line, and has worked to the entire satisfaction of its inventors and negotiations are now about closed which will put it on several of the large through lines. The invention is a very simple one. On the car itself are iron tubes running along the bottom of the car carried a coiled copper wire which makes a complete circuit of the car length by being carried along the interior of the car. Unless attention was specially directed to it, it would be overlooked. The ends of the copper wire run to the operator's desk, where is the usual sounder, key and relay, or, if it is desired to use the more modern and economical "buzzard," there is a telephone connection. In this last the operator, in place of the rattling click of the sounder has only the soft whistling throbbing which comes from the ordinary telephone ear-piece. There is no connection between the electric plant on the car and any outside plant, but along the centre of the tracks covered up securely in a long bit of scantling is an insulated copper wire. This is nothing more than one of the thick copper wires familiar to all. It is merely hidden from sight in the centre of the wooden strip and a small gang of men might and have laid down this at the rate of two miles per day. Into this wire from the regular offices on the ends of the line or at any point the message is sent in the ordinary way, and by induction it is caught up by the wire of the iron tube below the car and thus reaches the operator's buzzer in the car. It matters not whether the car is standing on the track or moving at the highest rate of speed the induction goes on and the communication is continuous. On the branch in question, where the track wire is laid only on the outgoing track, there is difficulty in getting messages through with the train on the other track, though in this case the distance between the wires is about 11 feet. Over a short culvert the track wire is carried in a cable on the bottom of the water and across a drawbridge the wire is carried in the same way by cable. The induction is so strong and the system so perfect that when the train left the branch track where the ground wire was and went upon the main track this buzzer still kept up its story from the outside world, and not until the car had left the lower wire, fully a quarter mile away did the sound die out. This was explained by the operator by saying that the ground wire was using the air line fully 25 feet away to carry on the conversation. The application of the invention is first to the running of trains, for by it a division superintendent is in constant and uninterrupted communication with every train at rest or in motion, and whether fogs obscure the signals or not, whether it be night or day every train runs under the direct orders of one man. Passengers make use of the instrument for personal business and send despatches from the train in motion and receive answers by the same channel. A stock ticker could be placed in a car and on a long transcontinental run speculation be kept up from the start to the finish.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are now on a visit to Ireland and have thus far been well received except at Cork, on 15. While the Prince and Princess of Wales were being driven in procession, a nationalist threw a vegetable at the royal carriage. The vegetable struck one of the footmen with considerable force, and if it had not been by the progress of the carriage moved across its path the missile might have struck the Princess. Many stones were thrown by roughs at the people who followed and cheered the royal carriage, and the police several times fired at the roughs. No injuries are as yet reported. Immediately after the procession was over a meeting of the Cork national league was held. The meeting declared that the loyalist attempt to get up a fictitious demonstration of welcome in honor of royalty had proven a failure, and passed a resolution congratulating John O'Connor, the Tipperary member of parliament, who managed the hostile demonstrations, for the victory he had achieved for the national cause. The prince and princess, after the conclusion of the procession, departed for Queenstown.

The missile thrown was a potato, the national meal of Erin.

The New York *Medical Record* gives some statistics regarding the increase in the number of annual deaths from cancer, which in view of Grant's illness, are especially interesting at this time. It appears that in this country the statistics of New York city show that the number of deaths from cancer in 1869 was 304 in every million of population, in 1875 was 415 and in 1883 was 678. The estimate was made ten years ago by the City Board of Health that the rate of deaths from cancer was a little over four hundred per million inhabitants. According to the last reports it is about 530 per million. These figures, however, include a large hospital majority. In Brooklyn the deaths from cancer in 1883 were only 262 in a population of 624,118, which gives about the same rate as that of New York ten years ago. It canaot be denied, in the face of statistics like above, that the death rate from cancer is increasing absolutely and relatively in some parts of the world. But that there is now a greater susceptibility to cancer than formerly has not yet been proved. Cancer is a disease of the degenerative period of life. It occurs between the ages of forty and sixty. Now, improved modes of living have increased the number of persons who reach these ages. Investigation would show, perhaps, that the number of persons reaching the age susceptible to cancer has increased in a greater ratio than the deaths from the disease.

It is a little rough on the doctors that they should have been mistaken about General Grant's case, and that he has only an abcess and not a cancer, and is not going to die after all yet. On Thursday Senator Shaffee said in regard to Gen. Grant in his opinion the doctors were all mistaken about their patient, that Gen. Grant is not suffering at all with cancer, but from an ulcerated sore throat. When Senator Chaffee called in the morning the General was just about as comfortable apparently as any other person in the household. He had slept peacefully for seven hours and a half and awoke as fresh as a lark. No morphia had been used to bring on this sleep, nor had the patient partaken of stimulated foods. The bulletin which was issued shortly after the General arose stated that he was taking his nourishment at longer intervals, and with greater relish. His pulse was full and regular and his temperature normal. Moreover his voice was clearer and stronger and the man whom the doctors did not give an hour to live a few days ago sat before his library fire, read the morning papers and discussed all manner of subjects with his family. These were the facts that Senator Chaffee bassed his opinion on that Gen. Grant was actually recovering from an ulcerated sore throat. Senator Chaffee said he had no doubt that the General would pull through and that the green and gold of summer time would find him either in California or in the Catskill Mountains.

Mr. Jesse Grant said also that his father was proving that he was possessed of a wonderful fund of vitality, and he believed that the General would live to laugh over the days when every one thought he was dying, and the disappointments he occasioned by surviving.

On behalf of the President, it is now said that he will soon be ready to make a number of important appointments and to move upon small postoffices throughout the land. In order to facilitate the filling of the four thousand offices now held by Republican incumbents, the Postmaster General is working the force of his office at night.

The President is not yet wholly free from the importunities of the officeseekers, but the number has so signally diminished that he gets more time to call his own.

The growlers now are the hotel keepers. All of these admit that at this time four years ago when Garfield was President they did a better business.

The Philadelphia *Times* remarks: The Legislature reached the end of its hundred days on Wednesday last, with a record of thirteen bills passed finally, two of which have been vetoed and one recalled to prevent a veto. The session has cost the tax-payers in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand dollars. Pennsylvania tax-payers are a patient lot, it is true, but even they might be expected to question whether thirty thousand dollars apiece for very indifferent laws isn't more than the commodity is worth.

A bold theft was committed at Buffalo where the Church of the Messiah was robbed of a fine piano. Persons living near by remember seeing some men drive up in front of the church on Friday last, take the piano out, load it on the wagon, and drive away. The where abouts of the piano are still a mystery.

The supreme court of the United States rendered a decision yesterday in the Virginia coupon tax cruse, which was in favor of the bondholders and against the state on the mater ial points.

GEN. GRANT'S GREAT ESCAPE.

The *Sun* says now that it is quite probable that Gen. Grant's trouble is not cancer, but something else, from which he is likely to recover, with what horror he himself and family must look back at what might have been the terrible consequences to him of a mistaken diagnosis of his disease.

About a month ago, when his attending physicians had fully made up their minds that a cancer was eating up his tongue and fauces, a consultation was held to discuss the advisability and expediency of resorting to a desperate measure of temporary relief. It was proposed to perform a surgical operation which Dr. Shrady thus described in giving a report of the consultation in the medical Record of March 21:

"Such a measure would involve the division of the lower jaw in the median line, the extirpation of the entire tongue and the greater part of the soft palate, together with the removal of the ulcerated and infiltrated fauces and the indurated glandular structures under the right angle of the lower jaw."

Dr. Shrady went on to say that all this was "considered mechanically possible," but that "in the best interests of the distinguished patient the surgeons did not feel inclined to recommend the procedure," for "even by such means there could be no guarantee, in view of extensive surrounding infiltration, that the limits of the disease could be reached without the immediate risk to life by the severe shock to a constitution already much enfeebled."

Gen. Grant, therefore, escaped the operation; but now, when he is able to dine with his family, expects soon to drive out, even meditates a journey to California, and both he and those about him are looking forward hopefully to his recovery—now, when it is altogether probable that his disease is not cancer after all—it makes him shudder to think that only one month ago his physicians were seriously consulting about an operation on him which would have endangered his life, and even if he had lived through it would have left him without a tongue!

A dispatch from Fulton, Mo., states that the people of Colloway county are becoming greatly discouraged at the failure so far to stamp out pleuro-pneumonia among cattle in the county. They feel that the disease is constantly spreading, and that no adequate measures are being taken to prevent it, much less eradicate it. It is said that over one thousand cattle have either become diseased or have been exposed to the plague, and that it will not be long before this number will be doubled. Money is being raised to buy and kill exposed cattle, but it comes too slow to be effective, and everybody is looking for more vigorous means to be adopted to stay the march of the disease.

General Grant is improving and able to ride out.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Three Boys and a Young Man Lose Their Lives Near Reading.

Philadelphia, April 18.—A dispatch from Reading says that about 4 o'clock this morning a fire occurred in a 2-story frame building on the Alsace truck farm owned by Augustus L. Wetzel, situated several miles from that city, in which four persons—Harry and Charles Wetzel, aged respectively 11 and 13 years, and Charles and Frederick Hetzinger, aged 16 and 26 years respectively—were burned to death. The building was but a short distance from the residence of Mr. Wentzel, and was occupied by the male hired help, being heated by a stove on the lower floor. The cause of the fire was a mystery until some time afterwards when Dan Knoll, a half witted vagabond about 40 years of age, who has been a subject of charity in the neighborhood, principally at the hands of Mr. Wetzel, appeared and related that he came to the place about 11 o'clock last night, and entering the building made a bed for himself and fell asleep. About 8 o'clock this morning he awoke and found the fire nearly out. He put on some coal and then concluded to walk over to a neighbor's house a mile and a half distant. When he reached there he saw the fire. After telling his story in an innocent way he was arrested and locked up.

SITUATION ON THE ISTHMUS.

Panama, April 17.—It is reported that Sapoyan has again fallen into the hands of the rebels. Many radicals are being imprisoned at Buena Ventura, contrary to the conditions of surrender. The Government troops at Buena Ventura are mutinous. Communication across the fathmus is uninterrupted. The health of the American troops continues excellent. A rumor prevails here that a hundred rebels had been drowned at Colon. Enquiry fails to confirm the report. The Colombian forces are not marching on the city of Panama, being without transportations at Buena Ventura, and Gen Aizpuru is acting with great moderation restraining his followers and trying to conciliate foreigners. The rumor circulating at Colon that Aizpura threatened to burn Panama are without foundation. Mail and passengers are arriving from Carthagena. A large number of troops are marching on that city from the interior, but are making slow progress owing to bad roads.

THE HYGIENE ACT.

The following act relating to the study of physiology and hygiene in the public schools of the commonwealth, and educational institutions receiving aid from the commonwealth, has been passed by the legislature:

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania in general assembly met, and is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that physiology and hygiene, which shall, in each division of the subject so pursued, include special reference to the effect of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system, shall be included in the branches of study now required by law to be taught in the common schools, and shall be introduced and studied as regular branches by all pupils in all departments of the public schools of the commonwealth, and in all educational institutions supported wholly or in part by money from the commonwealth.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the county, city and borough superintendents and principals of all educational institutions, receiving aid from the commonwealth, to report to the superintendent of public instruction any failure or neglect on the part of boards of school directors, boards of school controllers, boards of education and boards of all educational institutions receiving aid from the commonwealth, to make proper provisions in any and all of the schools or districts under their jurisdiction, for instruction in physiology and hygiene, with each division of the subject so pursued gives special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system, as required by this act, and such failures on the part of directors, controllers, boards of education and boards of educational institutions receiving money from the commonwealth thus reported, or otherwise satisfactorily proven, shall be deemed sufficient cause for withholding the warrant for state appropriation of school money to which such district or educational institution would otherwise be entitled.

SEC. 3. No certificate shall be granted any person to teach in the public schools of the commonwealth, or in any of the educational institutions receiving money from the commonwealth, after the first Monday of June, A. D. 1886, who has not passed a satisfactory examination in physiology and hygiene with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system.

SEC. 4. All laws or parts of laws inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

IN THE WRONG BED.

The Unhappy Position of a Williamsport Juror—Too Much Beer.

The Pittsburg *Post* tells this funny little event: One of the Williamsport jurors in attendance at the United States District Court, now in session in this city, made an amusing blunder the other night that might have terminated more seriously than it did. He occupied a room with another juror, containing two beds, in one of the hotels near the depot. Being out late the night in question, trying to see as much of the "elephant" as possible, and having a partiality for Pittsburg lager, it is presumed he was a little befuddled when he reached the hotel. Telling his own story, he says he awoke quite early the next morning and feeling thirsty he got out of bed and began to search for the water pitcher. The room seemed sort of changed, and not being able to find the pitcher where he thought it ought to be, he finally got possession of his clothes, found a match and struck a light. The first thing that met his gaze was a lot of female apparel on the floor near the other bed, and a gentleman's habilaments on a chair close by. To say that he was astonished wouldn't express the feelings of the juror. He was dumfounded. A few moments reflection, during which his mind run back to the night before with impaired memory, and he came to the conclusion that he had blundered into the wrong room. Then he proceeded to dress himself very quietly, so as not to disturn the occupants of the other bed. When about ready to vacate the room, a female voice apparently smothered, issued from beneath the bed covers, exclaiming:

"What are you doing there?"

The frightened juror quickly bolted out of the door without deigning to make an answer to the question propounded him, and went down stairs to the bar to quench his thirst. He told the joke on himself to his friends at the breakfast table. The blunder was made by going to bed on the second floor instead of the third floor.

A HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.

Baltimore, April 12.—A special from Snow Hill, Worcester county, Md., states that about dusk last evening Mrs. Geo. Hill, the wife of a farmer living about 4 miles from that village, was assaulted by Robert Collins, a negro. Meeting her in a lonely spot near her home the brute beat her into insensibility and then outraged her person in the most horrible manner. Mrs. Hill regained consciousness shortly after and gave the alarm. A large party of armed men started in pursuit and in a short time tracked the scoundrel to his house, which they surrounded. It was first agreed to resort to lynch law, but wiser council prevailed and a deputy sheriff took possession of the prisoner and conveyed him to jail to await trial.

While David Roth was returning from Paxinos to Shamokin his horse became unmanageable, throwing him violently upon the track of the Pennsylvania railroad. At that moment a freight dashed by. The unfortunate man's remains were scattered along the line for a hundred yards, and two hours were required to gather them to hold an inquest. Roth's parents, who were ill at the time, have been placed at the point of death by the terrible occurrence. Roth was a wealthy horse dealer and lived in Shamokin.

JOHN GARDNER'S TRIAL

At Huntingdon, for the Brutal Murder of George Warfield.

Huntingdon, Pa., April 16.—The trial of John Gardner for the brutal murder of old George Warfield, on January 14, was begun here yesterday. In the afternoon of the above date Warfield sent Gardner with a horse to get some corn at a neighbor's, requesting him to return early, that he might see to put the horse away. Late in the evening Gardner returned, and the old man complained of his delay. Gardner grew angry. The old man continued his complaints, when Gardner flew into a rage and struck him a terrible blow on the head with a club. Death ensued in a few hours. The cause of the death was concealed until the following Saturday, through Gardner's threats to the family, but the facts came to light and Gardner was arrested.

Warfield was an humble but highly respected farmer, 77 years of age, and lived in Diamond valley, West twp., a lonely and barren district, notorious for the poverty and deprivation of its inhabitants. His family consisted of his aged wife, with her two daughters by a previous marriage, and Gardner, who, after marrying one of the daughters, took up his residence with him, without permission. Gardner was quick tempered and quarrelsome, and rendered the old man's life wretched. In February of last year he was tried and imprisoned for outrageously abusing the old man. Previously to the murder he had frequently threatened to kill Warfield. Gardner is a man of medium height, 35 years old, with auburn hair and mustache, florid complexion, deep set eyes, prominent cheek bones, and heavy wrinkles across his forehead. His sister, wife and infant child sit beside him within the bar. He is represented by R. M. Speer, esq.

The first witness was Mrs. Warfield, widow of the deceased. She is altogether illiterate, and gave her pathetic testimony in a rather nervous and incoherent way:

"When John came home that night pappy was shaving shingles in the kitchen by candle light. He said, 'John why didn't you come sooner? You know I can't see how to bed that mare.' John said, 'You shut up, or I'll break your old gourd.' Then Gardner walked across the floor 25 feet to closet in the adjoining room, and took out a thick piece of stove wood, four feet long, with a knot on the end as large as a cocoanut, and with this in both hands he struck Warfield on the side of the head. He struck him hard enough to kill a beef. It just cracked like as if you would strike a board. Then Gardner said, 'Don't give me away. You had better not tell how he was killed. Tell he went around the hill for a load of wood, and slipped on the ice and hurt his head.' He told me and Lizzie that."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TO JOIN THE VETERANS AT GETTYSBURG.

In pursuance of the plan adopted by the veterans of the late war to visit, each spring, some of the celebrated battlefields of the Union, the pilgrimage will this season be made to Gettysburg. The time fixed for the visit is May 4th and 5th.

The great success attending the previous visits of the veterans to Fredericksburg and elsewhere, and the wide interest manifested by the old soldiers of both armies, indicates that the Gettysburg meeting will not only be largely attended, but highly valuable, from an historical point of view, and full of interest to the participants in the scenes enacted here 22 years ago. The meeting will bring together numbers of the most distinguished men of the land. The President, with his Cabinet; the "War Governors" and present Governors of the States, distinguished officers and soldiers of both armies, and men prominent in the councils of the nation, will honor the occasion with their presence. Not only from the vicinity of the field will the veterans come, but from States North, East, South and West, soldiers and civilians are sending assurances of their attendance.

The Pilgrimage is made under the auspices of the first and other Corps of the Potomac, but the invitation covers every officer and soldier in the late war.

In order to accommodate the visitors the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all points on its lines to Gettysburg, on May 2, 3 and 4, good to return until the 6th inclusive, at greatly reduced rates.

THE COMING CATTLE QUEEN.

Arrival in Chicago of a Dashing Celebrity from Washington Territory.

Chicago, April 16.—Among the drovers who alighted from a cattle train caboose at the stock yards to-night was a tall, majestic-looking woman of about thirty years. Though not a beauty she would have commanded attention in a metropolitan thoroughfare.

"Men are all frauds," she said, with a laugh. "I wouldn't marry the best one of them that ever lived. I prefer to be their superior by remaining in such circumstances that I can always buy their labor and esteem." Miss Mary Meagher was the name to which the lady answered. In Washington Territory she is known as the coming cattle queen, the companion celebrity to Miss Iliff, of Denver. In the train she had ten car loads of cattle which had endured the experiment of a 2,500-mile ride. Miss Meagher values the stock at $10,000, and says if the trip is financially successful she will return as soon as practicable from Walla Walla with 400 additional head. She employs a number of cow-boys and is the owner of a large herd of cattle, to the raising of which she gives her personal attention.

ONE HUNDRED HORSES PERISH.

Red Bluff, Cal. Apr. 16.—Some tramps called yesterday at the ranch of Senator Stanford at Vina, and were driven away. At daylight this morning the stables were discovered to be on fire. They contained 115 horses and mules, all of which, except four, were burned to death.

LIFE'S MID-WAY.

Pondering on the years that are not,
Thinking of the years to be,
Standing now betwixt the limits
Of life's sad, tempestuous sea;
With the half of life behind me,
With its purest and its best,
Is it strange that this should blind me
To the coming years—and rest?

Is it strange that, with a longing
And a cry of hungry pain,
I should turn from unknown future
To the joyous past again?
Is it strange that, looking backward,
All my sorrows I forget,
All of happiness remember
Naught of sadness and regret?

Only that to me they'll come not;
Ne'er again am I to see
Those bright days of happy springtime—
What the summer held for me.
Faded—faded are the daisies;
Dead the roses of my June;
Dying are the flowers of August—
Autumn days will reach me soon.

LAUREL VALE'S LOVER.

There were only a few people at the Dolphin House—it was late in the season. The maple woods made a low line of deep red against the autumn sky; the ladies, too, muffled scarlet shawls over their white dresses as they sat on the piazza of the hotel overlooking the surf, listening to the band which still played jubilantly in the sunny afternoon.

The heiress, Miss Vale, who had come late, remained later. She liked the cold breath which crisped the surf, turned the maples red, and made her horses dance over the smooth floor of yellow sand which stretched for miles along the bay.

Her faultlessly beautiful face, and the more world-loving one of her aunt, daily met the view of the loungers as her sleek bays champed their silver bits down the shore road. She was more often seen abroad in her carriage, but, being an old traveler, she was a good walker, and often came into tea with a dash of red in her smooth cheek, her brown hair, damp with spray, curling closely about her temple. She had been on foot to Grape Point or the Shoals—favorite retreats—accompanied only by her great white hound, Peri. Miss Vale was a little peculiar, people said.

Certainly, she did as she pleased, with an unobtrustive independence which hardly need to have troubled any one.

She had gone out that day after the storm to see the sea dash and roll in its strength. The sun shone brilliantly on its dancing white caps as they settled gradually into a calm.

She had sat a long while on the rocks, her great dog at her feet. She was a long way from her hotel; but Juba waited down the beach with her carriage, and her aunt sat among the cushions and read.

There was no one but Peri to see how beautiful Laurel Vale was as she sat against the ragged black rocks, her dress of steel-gray kirtled from her slight feet, her graceful shoulders and arms huddled in a soft crimson shawl.

The sunshine struck her perfect profile under a black soft-plumed hat, warming her cheek, and bringing into relief her firm dimpled chin, and those who had called her cold would not have accused her thus then, so happy the smile of her red lips, so warm the light of her brown eyes.

She loved the sea—thrived upon its breath—delighted to be quite alone with it. She did not mind how the hours went, though Aunt Pardon turned her hundredth page, and yawned among the purple cushions.

"Come here, Sinbad!"

A mellow, masculine voice came from among the rocks—too pleasant and manly a voice to whiten Miss Vale's cheek with fear, certainly; but with one swift, silent motion she rose to her feet, pale as if she had seen a ghost.

She glanced around. A little behind and just below her stood a gentleman—a blue-eyed man with a fair beard, a great tawny dog fawning at his feet.

He met her startled gaze with one equally startled—then instinctively lifted his hat. After an instant he came slowly up the rocks, almost reluctantly it seemed. He, too, was pale now.

"Laurel," he said gently.

You might have understood then why people called Miss Vale cold.

Her fair, mobile countenance seemed to harden over her spirit like a mask. She had but one thought—that after five years' suffering she had come to be happy, when here, before her again, stood the destroyer of her peace.

She made a swift, involuntary gesture, as if to keep him off. A quick pathetic sadness swept across his face as he saw it.

"And so you hate me?" he said, slowly.

She caught her breath.

"I don't know," she gasped.

The great tawny dog snuffed at the hem of her steel-gray dress, and then looked up in her face, wagging his tail. His master motioned him away.

"No," she cried, bending over the handsome creature. "He used to love me."

Baron Alverton looked at her with his blue eyes and groaned.

"Laurel," said he, with a fine appealing gesture, "I used to love you, yet to-day you would not touch me with your beautiful hand as you touch that brute! And I deserve it!"

She seemed to look at him then for the first time, though only for an instant. If she saw how his face had changed in five years, and was stirred to pity, she gave no sign. She turned her head aside and seemed to watch the two dogs frolicing down the beach.

"No excuse could be invented for me," he went on. "You were one of the sweetest, truest women that ever breathed, and my promised wife. Not a shadow stood between us when I met Nellie Dimpleton. But I knew less of women than I do now. I could not measure you, appreciate you as I have done since. I was a fool to be won from you by a pretty face, though that face had set the artists crazy. Ah, well, you do not even care to listen to me!"

She had gathered up her gloves and parasol to depart, but paused.

"Laurel," he continued, "in the old days you were never revengeful or vindictive. If you were both now, you might gloat over the misery of my married life. I am utterly wretched. Let this just decree repay you for my base desertion."

"Baron! where are you?" called a querulous voice.

A dumpy figure in blue had paused at the foot of the rocks, and a pair of lackluster blue eyes now looked up at them, the owner apparently not caring to ascend. It was a blonde, faded sickly face, fretful and careworn, though Mrs. Alverton had evidently once been very pretty.

Lifting his hat to Laurel, Baron Alverton turned, went down the rocks and joined her. A few sharp words followed, which Laurel overheard.

The following winter develops a strange surprise at Nutwood, Miss Vale's nome. Her aunt, Mrs. Pardon Ardley, the most well-meaning of disagreeable persons, chose to engage herself in marriage to Mr. Abel Crabtree, the sourest of bachelors and Baron Alverton's uncle. Laurel was speechless with surprise.

"Why do you marry him, Aunt Pardon?" she asked at last. "Are you not happy here?"

"Because he is rich," answered Mrs. Pardon, "and I want a home of my own. I've no doubt you mean well, Laurel, but I don't always approve of your ways."

Her niece was silent; and the preparations for the wedding commenced. If Aunt Pardon did not approve of Laurel, she had no hesitation in demanding her attention, her carriage, her servants, for this momentous occasion.

With great patience Miss Vale allowed herself to be set on one side in her own house while the arrangements for her aunt's marriage went on.

"So vexatious!" cried Aunt Pardon. "That disobliging Miss Trimmings absolutely refuses to come out here and make my dresses, but says she will undertake them if I will come to town for a few days. I suppose I must do it; and Mr. Crabtree proposed last night that we come to his place, a very nice private boarding-house, quite exclusive, in fact,"

She stopped, beaming; but Laurel, who felt really too tired for any new exertion, hesitated to respond.

'Wouldn't some one else do?" she asked at last. "Some less important person than Miss Trimmings might be found to come here."

"No, indeed! There's nobody so stylish and high priced. We must go, certainly we must, Laurel! But, by the way, Mr. Crabtree says his nephew, your old beau, Baron Alverton, and his wife are staying there now."

"Where?" asked Laurel, bewildered.

"At his boarding-house. People say his marriage didn't turn out well," Mrs. Pardon rattled on, not heeding her niece's silence, "for his wife acted like a crazy woman when he lost some of his money last year—rated him so, it was really quite scandalous! Did you see her on the beach last fall? Such a white faced thing! They say she takes arsenic for her complexion. I don't call her pretty, though she was all the rage five or six years ago. I believe she's lost her health—too much dissipation. I've heard that she's awfully jealous of her husband though he don't give her the least cause and bears it like a lamb."

Laurel and her aunt were at Mr. Crabtree's boarding house—certainly a quiet and luxurious retreat enough.

Laurel had been loth enough to come; but here she was, and Mrs. Pardon, at least, was satisfied, for the mornings were endless rounds of shopping and the afternoons momentous periods of trying on the new dresses.

As for her niece, her greatest apprehension was that she should encounter Baron Alverton; but a little dissimilarity in meal hours warded off this event until the very last night of her stay in town.

She had been restless and could not sleep. At about 11 o'clock she thought she would go to her aunt's room, as that lady did not retire early, and get a certain book, which might divert her mind and quiet her nerves. As she passed along the rich halls in her velvet-shod feet a door was flung open and a wild-eyed maid rushed out.

"Oh," she cried, at sight of Laurel, "won't you come in a minute? I'm afraid she is dying!"

Amazed, Laurel stepped within the door. A little figure in blue writhed upon the floor, yet evidently Mrs. Alverton was partially unconscious.

"Call her husband—a doctor—quick!" exclaimed Laurel.

With incredible strength she lifted the helpless woman in her arms laid her upon the bed.

In the next moment of horror she saw that Mrs. Alverton had ceased to breathe.

As she turned to hasten from the sounds of coming feet which she heard she encountered Baron Alverton.

White and shocked, he gazed at the pallid face upon the pillows

"It has come as I feared," he cried, clinching his hand upon his harassed brow. "She is dead from an overdose of arsenic."

And in a few moments all the house was startled by the sad truth.

The 1st of March Mrs. Pardon Ardley became Mrs. Abel Crabtree.

It was a strange mockery of flower symbols and lover's vows to Laurel Vale. Indeed, so strange a shadow seemed upon all the world that she would clasp her hands over her eyes sometimes and ponder as if in a nightmare that must break soon or she would lose consciousness forever.

Ever since that autumn day by the rocking sea peace seemed to have deserted her. Outwardly she had been calm, but inward unrest now searched her brain and burned away her strength.

All summer she dropped alone at Nutwood. In the autumn her physician declared that she must go down by the sea.

"Go down to the Dolphin House for a few weeks with my family," Dr. Stone said. "Victor will be there and will take care of you," reffering significantly to his son, who had long openly admired Miss Vale.

But she went only with her maid and Juba, though she found the doctor's family congenial company.

The sea received her kindly. It blew its salt breath in her face, brightened her beautiful eyes, quickened her strength. The hurried pulsations began to beat more slowly and evenly.

But there was a secret want.

"Oh, for some one to love me—some one whom I could love!" she cried one day, dropping her face in her arms upon the ragged rocks.

"I love you, Laurel, but it is too late for you to love me," syllabled a voice at her side.

She lifted her head. She and and Baron Alverton looked into each other's eyes. His sad gaze read all her struggle.

"Oh, tell me the truth!" he prayed.

Perhaps the sea, sounding its grand thunder in her ears, helped her to raise above all pettiness,

"I love you Baron," she said, simply; and both were happy.

The Cause of War.

The technical question at issue between Russia and Great Britain is a disputed boundary. The frontier claimed by Afganistan and recognized by Russia from 1881 until the recent advance was a line running from the Hamrud a little south of Sarakhs to the Oxus. The fertile section between the Turcoman desert and the Paropamisus was conceded to be Afghan territory even after the Russians had secured control of Merv and established an outpost at Sarakhs, about 200 miles from Herat. The boundary now claimed by M. Lessar passes through Akrabat and Bala Murghab. Within this disputed belt the Russians have occupied important points sixty miles south of the old frontier. Pul-i-Khatam and Sari Yazi have been garrisoned and advance guards have been stationed at Zulficar Pass, Akrabat and Pul-i-Khisti. Some of these outposts have been maintained by Turcoman allies, but the Russian commander has been responsible for the military advance in the valleys of the two rivers. The chief stronghold held by the Afghans in this contested zone is Penjdeh. It was occupied by the Ameer's troops about a year ago upon his receiving assurances from the British Government that his dominions extended as far north as the Sarakhs line. Bala Murghab, Garlin, Robat Pass and other points south of the frontier now claimed by Russia are also garrisoned by his soldiers.

Dynamite.

The Rhenish dynamite company which has factories in Cologne and other German cities, produces over 2500 tons of dynamite annually. In Great Britain and Ireland three factories turn out about 2000 tons of the explosive annually, and smaller concerns in England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain produce nearly 2000 tons more. A ton of dynamite in Europe is worth about $650, although at one time during the past year the price reached as low a notch as $330. The manufacture of the explosive is controlled by a strong commercial association whose members regulate the price to suit themselves. Since the recent explosions in London the dynamite kings have seen fit to increase the price of their output from $500 to $650 per ton. Most of the dynamite used in this country is imported from England and Germany.

A secret is too little for one, enough for two, and too much for three.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Silence is the severest criticism.

It is a double pleasure to deceive the deceiver.

The stoutest heart loses hope under repeated defeat.

No man can be successful who neglects his business.

No rank can shield us from the impartiality of death.

Wit is a merchandise that is sold but can never be bought.

Better bend the neck promptly than to bruise the forehead,

He who proposes to be an author should first be a student.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.

Manners require time, as nothing is more vulgar than haste.

Flowers, leaves, fruit are the air-woven children of light.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.

Every one is eagle-eyed to see another's faults and his deformity.

When credulity comes from the heart it does no harm to the intellect.

Imputations, however unjust, sully, if they do not stain, a character.

Certain acts can be rendered legal, but can never be made legitimate.

What seems to us but sad funeral tapers, may be Heaven's distant lamps.

If you would succeed in life, rise early and be an economist of time.

I always think the flowers can see us and know what we are thinking about.

The qualities we possess never make us so ridiculous as those we pretend to have.

Suspicions among thoughts are like bats among birds; they ever fly by twilight.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self. All sin is easy after that.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.

With patience sour grapes become sweetmeats, and mulberry leaves turn to satin.

One who is never busy can never rest, for rest implies relief from previous labor.

Little do we care for the speech of people if conscience will not whisper approval.

Seeing much and suffering much and studying much are the three pillars of learning.

What we charitably forgive will be recomposed as well as what we charitably give.

Make friends with your creditors if you can, but never make a creditor of your friend.

The worship of the Lord from charity can never differ, however externals may be changed.

To educate the mind and let manners and heart run wild, curses humanity with a mildew.

As any man may be compelled to eat his words, he should never indulge in bitter speeches.

Do not believe one-half that you hear, but make sure that you believe all that you say.

It would be easier to endow a fool with intellect than to persuade him that he had none.

He who labors with the mind governs others; he who labors with the body is governed by others.

True goodness is like the glow-worm, it shines most when no eyes save those of heaven are upon it.

There is no strength in exaggeration, even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.

Envy is a vice which keeps no holiday, but is always in the wheel, and working its own disquiet,

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet, those he receives nearest his heart.

A good many have tried to be great men and failed, but no one ever tried to be a good man and failed.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living.

We do love beauty at first sight; and we do cease to love it if it is not accompanied by amiable qualities.

Life to a young man is like a new acquaintance, of whom he grows disgusted as he advances in years.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Give not reins to your inflamed passions; take time and a little delay; impetuosity manages all things badly.

In life it is difficult to say who do you most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have have had a very low standard of it in his mind.

There are lying looks as well as lying words, dissembling smiles, deceiving signs, and even a lying silence.

A narrow-minded man can never possess real and true generosity; he can never go beyond mere benevolence.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

A new thought may be false; if it is it will pass away. When the new truth has come to life it bursts the old husks.

In love we grow acquainted because we are already attached; in friendship we must know each other before we love.

The more an idea is developed, the more concise becomes its expression; the more a tree is pruned, the better is the fruit.

The paths of labor are strewn with the leaves of wisdom. Gather one each day. In a long journey a volume may be procured.

Excess generally causes reaction, and prudence a change in the opposite direction, whether it be in the reasons, or in individuals, or in governments.

Men in responsible situations cannot, like those in private life, be governed solely by the dictates of their own inclinations, or by such motives as can only affect themselves.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—The state of affairs on the Isthmus continues so unsettled that Secretary Whitney has decided to send an additional force to Aspinwall.

—The Legislature of New Jersey adjourned *sine die* on the 4th. After the adjournment a Constitutional Convention bill was placed in the Governor's hands. It provides for a commission to revise the State Constitution and suggest amendments to the Legislature at a special session to be held in October.

—The elevated railroads of New York city carried during the first six months of the present fiscal year 2,562,067 more passengers than the same time last year, and the increase in earnings was $141,268. The total number of passengers carried from the opening to the 1st inst. was 526,078,804.

—During a wind gust in Pittsburg on the 5th, a large sign on the roof of a book store was blown, together with several hundred bricks, to the pavement below. Miss Bella Consley, who was passing along the street, was struck on the head by the sign and killed. Miss Agnes Johnson was dangerously injured and an old man named McCarthy was slightly bruised.

—The improvement in General Grant's condition continued on the 6th. He rested well, took nourishment, and seemed to be free from pain during the greater portion of the time.

—Secretary Lamer says that he has taken no action in the case of Miss Ada Sweet, Pension Agent at Chicago.

—C. D. Walker, First Deputy Commissioner of Pensions, has resigned, his resignation to take effect on the 15th inst.

—The President on the 6th signed the commissions of John G. Searey, to be Internal Revenue Collector for the Third District of Texas, and Nathan Gregg to be Internal Revenue Collector for the Second District of Tennessee.

—The usual joint session of the Illinois Legislature was held on the 6th. Thirty members were present, and twenty-one scattering votes were cast for U. S. Senator.

—Returns of the elections in Columbus, Ohio, indicate the choice of Walcutt, Republican, for Mayor, by over 500 majority. This is a Republican gain of nearly 400. It is thought the whole Republican ticket is elected.

—George W. Hanson, Democrat, was on the 6th, elected Mayor of Calais, Maine, by 29 majority. He is the first Democrat elected Mayor since 1871.

—The city election in Evansville, Indiana, on the 7th, resulted in the election of the Democratic ticket by largely increased majorities.

—The New York *Daily Commercial Bulletin* estimates the losses by fire in the United States and Canada during March at $9,000,000, which is one-third larger than the average of any previous March for which statistics have been gathered.

—The sash and door factory of O. C. Stromberg, at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, was burned on the 6th. Loss, $35,000; insurance, $12,000. A fire at Maryville, Tennessee, on the same day destroyed seven stores and two dwellings, causing a loss of $30,000.

—On the 7th, it was declared that Harrison, Democrat, had been elected Mayor of Chicago by a plurality of 334. Later in the day it was stated that Smith, Republican, had probably been elected by 2000 plurality. It was charged that great frauds were committed in some wards.

—Returns of the municipal election in St. Louis, held on the 7th, give about 1200 plurality for Francis, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, over William L. Ewing the present incumbent and Republican candidate. The vote for Filley the bolting Republican candidate for Mayor, is about equal to the plurality for Francis.

—Captain Joseph Atkins, Democrat, was elected Mayor of Galveston, Texas, by a plurality of 86. By a recent amendment of the city charter the Board of Aldermen were elected at large instead of by wards. This resulted in the defeat of N. W. Cuney and J. H. Washington both colored, and the only two Republicans on the citizen's ticket.

—General Grant was much better on the 8th, and the improvement continued throughout the day. Shortly before midnight Dr. Shrady said he would not send out any more bulletins during the night unless something unexpected should occur, He thought the General would have a quiet night.

—Twenty-five Senators and eighty-one Representatives answered roll call in joint convention of the Illinois Legislature on the 8th. One vote was cast for U. S. Senator.

—The Iroquois Club, of Chicago, passed a resolution on the 7th calling on all the Democratic members of the Illinois Legislature to vote for Morrison for U. S. Senator. S. Corning Judd, a member of the Democratic National Committee, said that "he knew that President Cleveland earnestly desired Colonel Morrison's election."

—The Commercial Block at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, containing the Commercial Bank and several stores, was burned early on the 8th. The losses aggregate $43,000, the insurances about $22,000

—Postmaster General Vilas on the 7th completed his first month in office. During that period he commissioned 450 postmasters and prepared more than 100 presidential commissions for approval. His First Assistant, Malcolm Hay, has been ill ever since his appointment.

—On the evening of the 6th, in relation to General Grant Dr. Douglas said that "the end was near." A bulletin issued at half-past ten o'clock reported the General "in a comfortable condition," he having slept well. His pulse was 84. He had just taken nourishment without pain.

—The municipal election in Chicago was held on the 7th. Returns received at eleven o'clock indicated an unusually large vote, and that 113 out of 194 voting precincts heard from give Harrison, Democrat, for Mayor, 24,455, and Smith, Republican, 24,743. Smith's majority, 288. Both parties claimed the election.

—Full returns of the municipal election held in Cincinnati on the 6th, give Smith, Republican, 3893 majority for Major. The only Democratic candidate elected were J. M. Fitzgerald for Police Judge by 1285 majority, and Vincent Schwab for Magistrate by a majority of 1428.

—Josiah W. Wright, Democrat, was on the 7th elected Mayor of Princeton, New Jersey, by 26 majority. The rest of the officers elected are Republican.

—Commander Kane, of the U. S. steamer Galena, telegraphs Secretary Whitney under date of the 6th inst., from Colon: "There is nothing new to report. The Panama Railroad Company is getting the road in order. The Government troops are anxious about their prisoners. The Railroad Company and the Galena are feeding the troops. All are in need. There is great anxiety among the foreigners at Panama."

—The session of the Legislature of New Jersey, lasted twelve weeks. Altogether 688 bills were introduced—469 in the House and 219 in the Senate. About 225 bills passed both Houses and went to the Governor.

—The Governor of New Jersey, on the 7th issued a proclamation designating Friday the 24th inst., as Arbor Day in that State.

—In the joint convention of the Illinois Legislature on the 7th, Morrison received 23 votes, Logan 4 and 4 were scattered.

—The president on the 7th signed the commissions of Alexander McCue to be Solicitor of the Treasury, and David Settle to be United States Marshal for Western North Carolina.

—It is said that the President will probably appoint Andrew Jackson Gross to be United States Marshal for Tennessee. Mr. Gross is recommended by the Attorney General.

—In Newport, Kentucky, on the 7th, a man named McMillen boarded a street car in which John L Cummins, a clerk in the First National Bank of Cincinnati, was a passenger, and, saying "I have you now," fired three balls into his body, causing instant death. McMillan immediately gave himself up. It is said he acted in revenge for the betrayal of his daughter.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

SENATE

The Senate met at 9 a. m. on the 6th The session was confined to the first reading of fifteen bills. A message from the Governor announced his approval of the bill relating to the study of physiolgy and hygiene in the public schools. A message from the Governor announced the appointment of Charles Porter, of Erie, as State Fishery Commissioner.

In the Senate on the 7th a large number of bills were reported with favorable recommendations. The Houe bill amending the law regulating the hunting and killing of web-footed wild fowl was amended and passed finally. Adjourned.

In the Senate on the 7th the calendar of bills on final passage was considered without decisive action, several measures being amended in immaterial details. Mr. Harlan, of Chester, moved an executive session for action on nominations of notaries public. Mr. Humes, of Crawford, moved to amend by requiring action on all pending nominations. Mr. Cooper, of Delaware asked Mr. Humes to withdraw his amendment, as he was apprehensive that the requisite two-thirds vote might not be obtained in consequence of the number of absentees. He did not wish to endanger the confirmation of Dr. Higbee for Superintendent of Public instruction by a lack of affirmative votes. Hr. Humes insisted on his amendment, stating that he intended to object to the nominee just mentioned. The amendment was then voted down, and Mr. Harlan's motion adopted. Adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House, a resolution was adopted making the bill dividing cities of the State into three classes a special order for third reading on the 8th.

The following bill was read for the second time: Providing that the compensation allowed to pilots for conducting vessels from the capes of the Delaware to Philadelphia shall be, for every one-half foot of water which any vessel shall draw up to 12 feet the sum of $1.87; over 12 and up to 15 feet, $2 08; over 15 and up to 18 feet, 2.25; over 18 feet and up to 20 feet, 2.50; over 20 feet. $2.75. After the first reading of a number of bills the House adjourned.

In the House on the 7th, the consideration of the Senatorial and Representative Apportionment bills being postponed for the present, the House proceeded to the consideration on second reading of the Congressional Apportionment bill. The pending amendment, making the Fifteenth district out of Bradford, Tioga and Lycoming counties, was agreed to—yeas 77, nays 50. The Senate Senatorial apportionment was passed—yeas 115, nays 44. Adjourned.

In the House, a bill requiring hotels to provide external fire escapes passed third reading. Senate bill was finally passed—yeas 120, nays 22—providing for an additional law judge in the Fifteenth Judicial District (Chester county. A bill was finally passed repealing an act relating to appeals and writs of certiorari and of error. [The act which is repealed provided that no appeals shall be entered from the judgment order or decree of any subordinate Court; and that no writ of certiorari or error to such Court should be delivered until the party entering such appeal, or purchasing such writ, shall have entered into a recognizance with sufficient sureties in double the amount of costs.] The Congressional Apportionment bill came up, the pending question being on Mr. Foote's amendment to place Lycoming with Bradford and Tioga counties. Pending action the House adjourned.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world hath done
Since myrtles grew and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.
But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure you pledge in truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth!
For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the unwise part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.
But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things,
And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside the coffer chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in friendly guise
And soothe where'er we can!
Fair speech should bind the human mind
And love link man to man.
But stop not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.
The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand
For those that talk and fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

MARGUERITES.

On a rainy morning, at one of the art loan exhibitions for which New York is famous, a man stood before a beautiful painting. The darkness of the day rendered the well-lighted studio somewhat gloomy, but this picture was so placed as to catch every available ray,

He had come at this hour to have it to himself, for it was the chief attraction there, and all day long was surrounded by an eager throng.

Kenneth King was not, however, an art critic, and he knew very little about painting. He was a tall, soldierly looking man, whose appearance gave at once the idea of strength and self-possession. His eyes were steady and true—honest eyes, such as win confidence immediately.

The painting, toward which his eyes were directed, merited the keen admiration which it daily elicited.

It was of a young girl standing in a field of daisies. Her hair was soft and golden; her mouth tender and lovable; but it was in her eyes that the charm chiefly lay. Large, clear, blue eyes, gazing calmly, yet wistfully, into the distance.

"Into the future," Kenneth thought. The wind seemed stirring her thin white dress and bending the heads of the daisies Her hands, clasped loosely before her, were filled with the pure, innocent flowers, but, unheeding them, she stood looking into—what?

There was a nameless fascination in the life-like painting for Kenneth. He He had come, day after day, to unravel the mystery that it always possessed for him, but, as often, had to leave unsatisfied.

Her face, while fresh and young, gave him the impression of having had the experience of a lifetime, and yet—

Each moment some new charm unfolded itself to his admiring eyes. The complete simplicity of the whole seemed to suggest the fair young life of the girl, and the painter had shown his genius in even the name of the picture—"Marguerites,"

Eager voices disturbed his reverie, and with surprise he saw the usual fashionable throng, only slightly lessened, around him. The dismal rain has not kept them away from the wonderful picture, which had roused all art-lovers to enthusiasm.

"The young artist's reputation, as well as fortune is made," he heard one lady say to another. "I hear of numbers who are going to have him paint their portraits."

"If he has been offered such a fabulous sum for this picture, why will he not part with it?" said the other.

"His story is quite romantic, as I heard it. This is a portrait of his sister, Marguerite, a French name you perceive, and I am told that they are of French parentage. They are orphans, and wretchedly poor, but the brother's one worship is for this beautiful sister. She is his idol, and he guards her jealously from the gaze of the world, and painted her merely as a labor of love. But it was seen, and he was induced to have it brought here, only after a great deal of persuasion. This is the story as it was told to me, but it is almost too romantic to believe."

"Whether it be true or not, it is very pathetic."

Hedged in as he was, Kenneth could not but hear the conversation; but he made his way out as soon as he could.

The wistful eyes followed him, and it seemed as if a mute appeal lingered in their dark blue depths. They looked out from the pages of his ponderous ledgers; they followed him home that evening, and in the darkness of the night he saw them in his dreams.

Days passed, and each morning saw Kenneth before the painting, drinking in its marvelous loveliness.

Then the exhibition closed, and he saw it no more. He sought the painter's studio, but found that, too, closed.

His disappointment was great, for he was anxious to discover if the rumor as to the original were true or not.

But he could divest himself of the idea that there was a Marguerite, as sweet and as true as her portrait. Her wonderful eyes followed him daily, and he had a fancy that they belonged to his guardian angel who watched over him.

When Winter came, and artists returned to their accustomed places once more, Kenneth haunted art rooms, private exhibitions and painter's studios, in the vain hope of once more seeing "Marguerites," but it had disappeared utterly, completely.

Still he waited.

One day he was driving with his sister Jean and her children. The soft Spring weather seemed doubly pleasant after the long ice-bound Winter, and the streets were thronged. James drove slowly, but finally stopped until the rush had somewhat ceased.

Jean leaned back languidly and watched the hurrying pedestrians.

"Look, Kenneth," she said, "at that girl's beautiful hair. It is as golden as the sun."

Kenneth gave one look, and without a word sprang from the carriage and hurried after her.

It was Marguerite, the mythical sister. All he could see of her was a long, brown cloak, large hat and her sunny, beaming hair. She moved with a gliding, swaying movement, peculiarly graceful and well adapted to her tall figure. She walked rapidly, so much so that Kenneth found it difficult to keep her in sight.

The crowd gradually diminished, and soon she turned abruptly into a side street and stopped before a studio. Kenneth quickened his steps to pass her before she entered, and as he did so she turned her head and looked at him.

That haunting, pathetic tender gaze, which had followed him all the Winter, was bent on him at last. His whole being was stirred to its innermost depths, and the sensation was so new that it startled him to find that he could be so moved.

He was not the man to be so fascinated by every attractive face; he had passed unscathed through years of what the world calls society life, and was still heart-whole. His nature was too earnest and intense to be easily shaken, and he could be summed up, as few can, in the one word—strong. His aims were high, and his aspirations lofty, Kenneth King had not wasted his life.

He walked until exhaustion had compelled him to stop. All his eager desire, which had so ardently taken hold of him in the early Winter, to know the original of the painting, was upon him, with ten-fold force.

But how?

He was so preoccupied with this unsolved problem, that his sister thought he must be ill.

"You ought to rest, dear," she said, one evening some time later, as he sat in the semi darkness just before the dinner hour. "You are working too hard, Kenneth. Go out more and let your business take care of itself."

She was standing behind his chair, with her cool, soft hand on his forehead.

"My poor boy," she said gently as she noted his tired aspect, and as he looked up at her it seemed to him that her eyes were a little like Marguerite's.

"Would Marguerite ever stand beside him and lay her hand on his tired head?" he thought.

"What is it Ken?" said Jean.

"Dear little Jeanie," he said fondly, "don't worry about me. I will rest next Summer. We will go to some quiet lake, where we can all keep cool and serene."

"You need something more than keeping cool and serene, Kenneth. Go out more into society. Come with me to-night. Henry does not care for that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing, Jean?" asked Kenneth, for he knew his brother-in-law was fond of gay company.

"This reception at Mrs. General Slocum's; an artist's reception;" and she went on to describe it.

"You need only meet the pleasant ones, Kenneth," she said at last, as an inducement.

"What if Marguerite's brother should be there!" he thought. He had tried so often to find Marguerite herself, and he had failed, and now that he had found her he must now know her brother.

"I will try it to-night, Jean," he said.

Very stylish and elegant was Jean McDonald, when she came down arrayed for the reception, and Kenneth felt a thrill of pride as he led her to the carriage.

"I will not keep you here late," she said.

When they entered the brilliantly lighted parlors Mrs. Slocum met them with great cordiality.

"Dear Mrs. McDonald; so glad to see you! And Mr. King? Why, I am delighted; you have been neglecting us lately."

It was not a moment before Kenneth found himself in his old place in the fashionable world. He began to take an interest in it.

There were numbers of artists of note and some poor painters present, in the latter of whom Mrs. Slocum took special interest. Kenneth felt his heart warm to her, as he noted her efforts in this direction.

Suddenly his attention was arrested by a gleam of golden hair, and, hastening through the throng, he saw his beautiful Marguerite.

It was but a moment's work to seek his hostess.

"Who, the lovely blonde in dark blue velvet? Certainly. It is Mlle. Rayne, one of my proteges."

Kenneth could not believe his senses when he found himself by the side of Marguerite. He had waited so long and patiently, and now his ambition was realized.

Her quaintly turned sentences and slightly foreign accent proclaimed at once her French descent.

To Kenneth the music of her voice was more potent and lasting in its charm than the sweetest notes of a prima donna—her luminous eyes with the purple shadows under them, more eloquent and fascinating than another woman's most brilliant conversation. He gave himself up to the intoxication of her presence completely.

He found her very quiet, almost shy, but her brother's seclusion of her explained that. One moment Kenneth would be almost angry with him for depriving the world of this loveliness; the next profoundly grateful that she had been so shielded. It seemed to him that he had been there but a moment, when he heard a young man at Marguerite's side say:

"Ma soeur, are you ready to leave?" And she assented and introduced her brother to Kenneth.

"I have met your most charming sister, Mr. King," said M. Rayne.

"Indeed, Jean—Mrs. McDonald? I am glad of that. I can return the compliment, M. Rayne."

Marguerite smiled her slow lingering smile in answer, and the artist looked pleased.

Kenneth possessed a singularly winning manner, and when he chose to exert himself could be most entertaining. He was roused indeed to-night, and the young painter was fascinated and talked with animation. When he rose to go he said:

"I hope Monsieur will do us the honor to call. We should be most grateful."

Henri Rayne asking a man to call on him and his sister! Incredible!

Kenneth accepted the invitation and his eyes sought Marguerite's. Her gaze was bent on the floor, but the color was coming and going in her cheeks. After Kenneth had seen them to their carriage he returned for Jean. He found her surrounded by a group of admiring friends, as usual. for Mrs. McDonald was a very fascinating woman, and society recognized the fact.

She rose at seeing Kenneth.

"Poor Ken," she said lightly, "have I stayed too long? I completly forgot my promise." He smiled.

"No, Jean," he said gently. How he loved her! He felt his heart go out to her as never before. And it was from loving Marguerite, beautiful Marguerite.

"Kenneth" said Jean when they were in the carriage, speeding homeward, "I met the artist who painted that lovely picture that we so admired at the Art Loan Exhibition, last Winter. I shall have him paint my portrait."

"M. Rayne?" said Kenneth; "he said he met you. I was introduced to his sister, who is the original of that picture."

"Were you? Was she the one in dark blue velvet, whom I saw you with?"

"Yes, Jean. She is beautiful, I think."

"I wish I had met her," said Jean, musingly, regarding her brother closely, but in the darkness she could see nothing.

Mrs. McDonald gave M. Rayne daily sittings, and Kenneth sometimes went with her. Had he followed his inclinations, he would have spent every available moment with the artist and his sister. He would have had his own portrait painted, and taken it upon himself, to see that every moment of the artist's time was filled; but he feared to startle Marguerite by too much vehemence.

He was almost surprised to find how she filled his thoughts. Her influence ennobled him, and made him long to be worthy of her pure love, and should he be so fortunate as to win it. He would leave her presence sometimes with almost relief to be in the open air. His great love overwhelmed him.

As for the girl herself, with her French ideas of propriety, her brother's treatment of this man was a revelation. That he should ask Kenneth to call was strange enough, and, not only that, he sometimes left them alone for a few minutes.

Henri Payne knew the ring of true metal.

She was unused to society and naturally reserved; but Kenneth's calm steadfastness led her to trust in him implicitly. Marguerite knew he loved her. She recognized it in the evening he met her, and now she was almost terrified to discover the intensity of her own love and absolute trust in him. She wondered at herself, yet felt no fear, Her nature was quick to seek the good in everything, and she intuitively felt that Kenneth's love for her was no ordinary affection, and that in it there was no flaw.

Thus the Spring passed and the Summer came. Jean and the children went to the mountains, but Kenneth followed the Raynes to the seashore. It was no popular resort, but a charming and rather quiet retreat known only to a few.

He was a little anxious at the turn of affairs just here. He had obtained permission of Henri to win Marguerites's love, but the girl herself changed. She avoided him and sought opportunities to leave him when he came up to her.

Could it be possible that she did not love him and was taking this mode of making him understand?

He would wait no longer, he decided; he could not school himself to patience with this horrible doubt in his mind.

He wondered as to when Fate would grant a favorable opportunity for him to tell his love, for here he was almost powerless.

He had sent her flowers numberless times in the city, and, learning her taste, had sent her namesakes, marguerites. She placed them artistically around the rooms, but never wore them.

"Why do you never wear my flowers?" he said to her once. "Wear some now." And she had silently taken one daisy, and fastened it in her hair. He would like to have seen her wearing them, his gifts to her, but he had never questioned her acts.

One morning Marguerite was going to sail. The sky was blue and fair, and not a cloud to be seen. Kenneth saw her waiting for Henri, and went to her at once.

Never had she looked so beautiful. Her sailor dress of dark blue contrasted strikingly with her golden hair, and the purple shadows were deep around her brilliant eyes. He told his story in his own straightforward way, but warded off her reply.

"Do not tell me now, dear," he whispered, "wait until you come back. If my answer be 'no,' I can read it in your eyes, and if it be 'yes,' wear these daisies. I shall be waiting for you, Marguerite."

He watched her sail away with his flowers in her hand, and something in her eyes told him what her answer would be.

He wrote a long letter to Jean, and at the close said, "When I come home if I bring Marguerite, shall you be glad, Jeannie?" That was all; he could not trust himself to write more.

It was getting so dark:—what was it? He looked out. The sky was black and overcast. The waves were already crested with angry foam, and the wind was sweeping wildly up from the sea.

All at once his heart stood still. He seemed to read his awful fate as from a written page.

A great crowd gathered on the beach to try and succor the frail boats that had sailed away so gaily but a short time before. Anxious faces watched the waves grow higher as the wind increased in fury.

Presently a rowboat came in sight; it drew nearer and nearer, and hope was strong within them that it would come safe to land. But even as they looked it went down.

A wail of anguish arose from the shore. Who was it? Had loved ones perished before their very gaze.

Kenneth strained his eyes to see the white sails of the boat that held all that was dear to him. But he watched in vain. Each moment the gale grew more furious.

He was nearly maddened by suspense. Why had he not gone with her? He tramped restlessly up and down, battling fiercely with the wind.

Suddenly a strange calm stole over him. He felt the mysterious presence of the angel of death. Its icy breath touched his cheek.

Then his eyes caught sight of a dark object flung high on the beach. He approached it with painful slowness. His very heart was numb.

There on the sand lay a slender shape, with long shining hair. With a great cry, he bent over her. It was Marguerite, with the daises in her bosom.

In a French Restaurant.

If you visit New Orleans this spring and happen into any of the French restaurants on Canal street, look out for a sign reading: "No Hoosiers wanted in here."

My Hoosier friend was bound and determined to try one of those French restaurants. His mouth had watered all the way down, and he had licked his chops from the depot to Canal street. When he was finally seated he ordered an oyster stew and a cup of coffee, and with the bread and butter furnished free made out a satisfactory 65 cent lunch. He was charmed and gratified, and during the afternoon he probably sent one hundred strangers to that restaurant.

At supper time he called for the same things, and before he had finished eating the waiter brought him a cigar and a match on a server.

"Egad!" chuckled the Hoosier, "but this is munificence! This is treating a man white, and I kin lick anybody who says a word agin a French restaurant!"

"When he went over to the desk to pay his bill the cashier replied that it was ninety cents.

"Why, you only charged me sixty-five at noon," replied Indiana.

"Yes, but a cigar is 25 cents!"

"And you didn't give it to me!"

"No sir."

"Twenty-five cents. I'll see you hanged first!"

Hoosier threw the cigar down and the cashier threw it back, and by and by it was broken. Then the "jaw" increased and the riot grew more bloodthirsty

"I send for zee po-lece!" yelled the cashier

"Send and be durned!" yelled the Hoosier as he took a seat.

"You laike to—to play zee daid beat, eh!" howled the cashier.

"Dead beat! You old highway robber, don't call me such names as that!"

The police didn't come, but everybody in the room gathered around, and at last, finding the place filling up with a curious crowd, the cashier gave in and took 65 cents in settlement.

"Now whare you from?" he asked as he pocketed the money.

"Indiana, and don't you forget it! I'm a Hoosier, and I don't knuckle to nobody!"

"A Hoosier! I remember dait! A Hoosier! Robairt, you hurry up and paint big saign which reads dait no Hoosier was wanted in my plaice no more!"

"And now," remarked Indiana as he backed out, "French restaurant, a long farewell! Good-bye old robber! I can't hurt ye here, but let me catch you up in Indiana and I'll lick ye limpsy if I have to mortgage my cider mill to pay the fine!"

Noted Men.

N. P. Willis always looked as though he had just stepped out of a handbox. He was of light build and stood about five feet nine. He dressed in the best taste and his countenance, though deficient in manly dignity, was so pretty that he was a great favorite with the ladies. His partner, George P. Morris, who once was so popular as a song writer, was a short, stout man, with a dull countenance, which would hardly suggest "Woodman, Spare that Tree." Poe was rather under size and dressed in good taste for one so wretchedly poor. His face had a sad, dreamy, intellectual look, which would at once rivet attention. Longfellow was a man of indifferent appearance. Before he became gray he was a blonde, and the most striking feature was his nose, which was altogether too prominent for beauty. When I first saw him his face was clean-shaven, and this rendered the nasal organ the more conspicuous. I think that he afterward wore full beard and moustache in order to give the rest of his face more fullness and thus reduce the nose to reasonable proportions.

Bayard Taylor was a man of very fine personal appearance. He was tall and well shaped, and his countenance was marked by power. He too had a prominent nose, but it was one which gave dignity and strength to his face. Edward Everett was a man of unusually fine appearance, and this added much to his admirable oratory. James Fenimore Cooper, however, bore the palm among the literati of his day, and, in fact, of any other day. It is doubtful if the world of letters ever contained his equal in manly beauty. He stood fully six feet and was finely proportioned. His movements were easy and had that air which belongs to naval service, in which he passed his early years. His head was large, and his features were of a leonine cast, while his clear, gray eyes were radiant with power. He was one of that class of authors whose personal appearance was superior to their writings. I saw him once plead in court, the case being one his libel suits, and the impression became at one indelible. Those libel suits, like libel suits in general, were a great blunder, but they certainly developed a surprising gift of eloquence. Cooper, indeed, was the only American author whose oratory excelled his books.

Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.

No man can go into bad company without suffering for it. The homely old proverb has it very tersely: "A man can't bite the bottom out of a fryingpan without smutting his nose."

Bismarck's Home.

There is scarcely anything remarkable in the Chancellor's house at Friedrichsruhe except its absolute plainness. Jewish plutocracy may gloat in displaying gorgeous tapestry and rare bric-a-brac, but Bismarck, after all, is only a poor man. His state appointment is not worth over 3,000 pounds sterling; Schonhausen is valueless; Varzin does not yield much, and the estate of Friedrichsruhe, although estimated at 150,000 pounds sterling, brings at the most 5,000 pounds sterling. It is true that this is no reason why his walls should be whitewashed, why his furniture is of the simplest description, why his art treasures consists of comparatively worthless photographs and paintings of his daughter and his sons, of Moltke, of Cardinal Hohenlohe, of Thiers, of Beaconsfield, of Friedrichsruhe itself. Yet there are several objects of luxury and ease, and others of decidedly historic importance. There is the rich carpet, extending through hall and rooms; the number of chimneys, where the whole winter through fires burn perpetually, and an abundance of couches, sometimes two or three in one room. On the chimney-pieces are a bronze bust of Moltke, crowned with a huge laurel wreath, a plaster cast of Charlemagne, and a small copy of Schluter's Great Elector. The dining-room is adorned with the bronze statue of the Emperor, given by him to Bismarck in 1881. But particular mention is due to the bronze imitation of the Neiderwald, which stands on a fine oak cupboard in the smoking-room. A leaflet is attached to it with the following words, written by the Emperor himself: Christmas, 1883; the crowning stone of your policy; a festival which was destined chiefly for you, and which you unhappily were not able to attend—W."

Not less interesting as a historical curiosity is a small card table in the prince's study. When folded up it presents on the top board a little inlaid brass plate, bearing the inscription: "On this table the preliminary peace between Germany and France was signed the 20th of February, 1861, at Versailles, Rue de Provence, No. 16." When opened there appears the central round of green cloth with the very candlespots of yore, when Bismarck and Favre put their names under the treaty. It wanted a good deal of diplomacy on the part of the Chancellor to possess himself of it. His landlady of the Rue de Provence obstinately refused to part with it for any consideration of money until the prince at last called in a cabinet maker, ordering him to make another table exactly similar to that one. When the twins were put side by side the landlady of course decided in favor of the better-looking of the two and allowed Bismarck to carry off the original one.

The prince's own room is not only one of the largest in the house, but everything it contains bears due proportion to the size of its inmate—the gigantic mahogany writing table, the huge inkstand, the militia of immense goose quills and large pencils. Even the far-stretching view from the window is in harmony with the discursive mind of the man who is reclining on one of the couches, while giving ample scope to his thoughts. The guest rooms are situated on the first floor. It need scarcely be added that they are distinguished by comfort, ease and luxury from the Spartan nakedness of the rest of the house. It bodes peace and friendship to the state whose representative is invited to Fredericksruhe. Here Bismarck puts out the torch of hatred; for the host's duty he considers to be to cultivate under his own roof amity and good understanding.

Not So Very Green.

The other day a merchant traveler operating for a Philadelphia shoe firm boarded a train on the Alton road at Joliet, and was soon attracted by the charming face of a sucker lass, who got on at Pontiac. He thought he saw that she was a sweet, innocent young thing, who had never been around any, and he wended his way to where she sat, and insinuated himself into her society.

"It is a very stormy day, miss," said the merchant traveler.

"Is that so?" she asked, with a great show of interest. Here, indeed, was a sweet example of rustic innocence. Storming like all the furies, and had been for nine consecutive hours, and yet she seemed to know nothing about it.

"Poor, credulous, simple thing," he thought, "she'll be madly in love with me in fifteen minutes."

"Going far?" he inquired.

"Oh, an awful long way!"

"How sweet and childish," thought the gripsack man.

"How far are you going?" he asked.

"Oh, away off."

"To St. Louis?"

"My, yes, and further than that."

"I'm awful glad. I'll have your company a good while, then," said he, "and I know we shall be great friends."

"I hope so," she replied.

"You have beaus, don't you?" the drummer suddenly asked.

"No; I used to have, but——"

"Ah! never mind. I'll be your beau on this trip. Now, tell me your name, please?"

"Matilda — Matilda Haw—well, it used to Hawkins, but it is Jordan now."

"What! You are not married?"

"No! I poisoned my fifth husband the other day, and you, oh, you look so sweet. You look as if strychnine would make such a beautiful corpse of you! Come, now, won't you marry me!"

The drummer excused himself, and the jolly Pontiac girl and her beau, who sat behind, pretending to be asleep, laughed all the way to Bloomington.

Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value.

A mountain explorer just returned from Asia states that during a four months residence at a height of more than 15,000 feet above the sea, his pulse, normally sixty-three beats per minute; seldom fell below 100 beats per minute, and his respirations were often twice as numerous as at ordinary levels.

The Dog Howl.

"Is your mother at home, bub?" inquired a lady as she walked up to a house and found a small boy with an old campaign hat on, sitting on the steps and shooting pebbles at a dog over the way with a rubber-constructed Gatling gun of his own manufacture.

"No'um she's jist gone to the grocery to git some codfish for dinner," replied the boy, punctuating his remarks with snuffles, "'coz this haint our day for meat. We only has it twicet a week now, coz she's saving up some money to buy a new cloak that'll jist more'n take the tuck out 'o Miss Bailem's; for you see, ma she jist can't bear Miss Bailem, and it most kills her to see her come out with a good stitch on, an' every time she does git anything new why ma she takes on jis awful an' says she wonders what Miss Bailem pawned this time to buy it with, and then she begins to cut us light on grub until she kin collar sumpin that'll make Miss Bailem slam her door when she walks along, an'—mam?"

"Don't hit that poor dog, bub. You hurt him then, real bad. Don't you know that's wrong?"

"No'um, ma says tain't. You see that's Miss Nodget's dog, and ma is jist down on her, oh, awful. You see, Miss Nodget has owed her three drawin's o' tea for more'n two months, an' she'd a had our skillet yet if ma hadn't sent me after it, and then she'd broket a piece off'n the handle, an' her man an' pa don't jibe on politics nowhow, an' ole Nodget he—mam?"

"Isn't that your mother coming yonder?"

"No'um. Why, that's ole Miss Simmons. She lives in that yaller house over yonder, an' ma she jis hates her a blame sight worse'n she does Miss Bailem, coz, you see, when ma went to Ingeanny last summer to see her brother what was goin' to be hung, why, ole Miss Simmons somehow she found it out, an' she jist got right up an' put on her bonnet an' went around to all our neighbors an'—mam?"

"Which grocery did your mother go to? Rogers'?"

"No'um. You see, we used to git all our things at Rogers', but finally he jis got so he wanted the cash down every time, un' ma she jis got mad, an' said she would not have nuthin' more to do with no man what gives thumb weight, an' palms off all his ole spilt stuff on her, an' then ole Miss Rogers she heerd about it, an' she jis come right over an' her'n ma they jis had it up an' down, an'—mam?"

"Did your mother say she was coming right back?"

"No'um. She said maybe she might jis stop a few minutes and see Miss Nickup, coz she's got a baby what's got the measles jis awful, an' her man has been jis billin' drunk for a week, an'—mam?"

"Will you tell her I've been here? I can't wait any longer. I'm Mrs. Thompson."

"Yes'um. Oh, yes, you're the woman, what ma was talkin' about Wednesday. I 'member it coz that was our day for meat, an'—mam?"

"Did she say anything good about me?"

"No'um. She jis said you put on a heap o' style for a grass widder, and she jis thought it was a burn' shame that you was going to marry that ole eross-eyed codger with a cork leg, coz he had money, 'thout gettin' no divorce from the red-headed hoss-thief that —mam?"

"Tell your mother she's a good-nothing gad-about, and she'd better stay at home and keep her tongue in her head or it'll poison her. I never want to put eyes on her again. Will you tell her that?"

"Yes'um" replied the boy, as he fixed another stone in the sling and got ready to make the dog howl, too.

After the Whale.

Mineral oils have now supplanted train oils for many puposes, and the perpetual hunting has now diminished the numbers as well as the size of the whales, no animal having a chance to attain its full dimensions before it is harpooned. Often, nowadays, a whaling ship returns "clean," i. e., without having captured a single whale, so that, what with the lessened prices and the diminished numbers and dimensions of the animals, whaling has become almost a lottery instead of a solid investment of capital, and few shipowners care to run such a risk. Furnished with its wonderful bony sieve, the Greenland whale has no difficulty in procuring its food. With mouth more or less open it swims backwarn and forward through the shoals of the Clio, which mostly are found near the surface. The water escapes freely between the horny plates and lining fringe, while the animals are detained within the foliage. When it wishes to swallow the prey which it has caught it employs its tongue, which is not less remarkable than the rest of the whale's structure. The tongue is not free except at the base, as with mammals generally, so that is impossible for the animal to protrude its tongue from its mouth. The tongue is fixed by nearly all its edge, so that it can only be protruded upward. I once had an opportunity of examining the tongue of a small baleen whale which can be cast ashore. It was of great size, smooth on the surface, and I could not help thinking that it was very like a soft, well stuffed pin-cushion. I pressed upon the centre with my fingers and I found that a pit was formed which rapidly filled with oil. Then I took a hammer and pressed the head of it upon the tongue. The pit formed by the pressure became deeper and larger, and filled so fast with oil that not only was the whole of the hammer submerged in the oil, but my wrist also.

On rising in the morning always put on the shoes and stockings the first thing. Never walk about in your bare feet, or stand on oilcloth. Even in summer time this is a dangerous and unhealthy thing.

While our country is supposed to be nearly free from earthquakes no less than 364 shocks were recorded in the United States and Canada in the twelve years ending with 1883. This is an average of about one in every twelve days.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., APRIL 25, 1885.

VICTIM OF A MURDER.

A Misterious Note Found Inside the Trunk.

St. Louis, April 14.—A sensation was caused in the Southern hotel to-day by the discovery of a horribly mutilated body of a man packed in a trunk, which was taken out of a room. The stench from the trunk caused the discovery. The hotel register shows that on March 30 a gentleman registered as Walter H. Lenox Maxwell, M. D., from London, and was assigned to that room. On opening the trunk it was found that the head of the man was severed from his body, and written on a paper inside the trunk were the words: "So perish all traitors to the cause." The trunk and its contents were taken to the morgue.

Maxwell is described as a very girlish looking blonde young man, wearing a dark woolly, cutaway suit of English stuff. He was seen in Camp Army frequently with a dark looking gentleman, about 5 feet, 10 inches in height. This gentleman registered as C. Arthur Preller, of London. A telegram had previously been received from Preller, asking whether Maxwell was a guest at the house. He answered in the affirmative, and he soon came on.

Both men occupied the same room. Maxwell left the hotel a week ago Sunday night, but he had paid his full week's board promptly, and it was supposed that he would return any day. No suspicion attached to his absence until the horrible smell called attention to his room and led to the opening of the trunk. A second trunk was found to contain numerous articles, among which were found Maxwell's London address as No. 14 Paper Building, Temple, London, and an envelope addressed in his hand writing to Rev. D. G. A. Lewis, B. A., curator of St. Paul's Morley, Leeds, Yorkshire, England.

He came over on the steamer Cephalonia, from England. Preller has a Russian passport, vized by the Russian ambassador in London in 1878, and a passpost in 1883 for Spain and Mexico, vized by the Spanish minister, and signed Granville. Seven trunks, four valises and a hat box were left behind at the hotel, and the contents, clothing, etc., are valued at hundreds of dollars. This is believed to make the theory of a hoax unteneble, and the belief is that the corpse is either that of Maxwell or Preller.

YOUNG LADY AT BOARDING SCHOOL.

At some of the French boarding schools in Paris, the girls are fed on weak soup, two or three degrees stronger than hot water; meat, from which nearly all the nourishment is extracted by boiling; coarse veal, watery carrots and gray, sour bread. The young lady who comes home after a few terms of this sort of diet may be very learned, but is pale and poor looking, lacking vigor and health. Give her Brown's Iron Bitters—the best tonic in the world for young ladies with impoverished blood—and bring the roses into her cheeks.

HYDROPHOBIA FROM EATING DOG MEAT.

Wilmington, Del., April 14.—Yesterday afternoon the police arrested a supposed crazy negro named Nathan Williams, who, with a knife in his hand was chasing another man through the street. After his arrest Williams tried to bite the policeman having him in charge. At the police station his malady was pronounced hydrophobia, and he was muzzled and taken to the almshouse raving and crying, "Don't kill me." At the almshouse he announced that he was a good watch-dog, and through the night continued to yelp and indulged in prolonged howls. He continues in much the same condition. Williams is about sixty years old and has long been known as the "dog fat man," his occupation being the preparation of a nostrum from the boiled fat of dogs killed by the city dog catcher. He was accustomed to drink liberally of the oil obtained by him from the carcasses, and has been seen to take large pieces of dog flesh and eat them with evident relish.

"YOU KNOW HOW IT IS YOURSELF."

There is not a bit of doubt but you have this day a vivid recollection of the horrible, nauseating doses of worm-seed tea or syrup forced down your throat 20 years ago by an over solicitous aunt or grandmother who pronounced your case worms. You will be able to appreciate a vermifuge like McDonald' Celebrated Worm Powders. The most effective and reliable worm destroyer of the age. So easy and pleasant to take the patient will never know a medicine is being administered. Money refunded to dissatisfied buyers. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
Philadelphia Agents.

GARDNER'S TRIAL AT HUNTINGDON.

Huntingdon, Pa., April 15.—The trial of John Gardner for the murder of Geo. Warfield, his father-in-law, in January, by beating him with a heavy club, was begun here to day. At the time of Warfield's death, Gardner, by threats of violence, prevented the family from reporting the murder, and a statement was made that the old man had died from the effects of a fall on the ice. After the funeral, however, the aged widow of the deceased disregarded Gardner's threats, and reported the matter to a neighbor, and Gardner was taken into custody. Among the witnesses were the widow and daughter of the deceased. The family is astonishly ignorant, and their testimony was elicited from them with much difficulty.

That feeling of mental dullness, tha troublesome bilious headache, fastidiousness as to food, afid weary aching pain in the small of the back, can all be gotten rid of by using one box of McDonald's Improved Liver Pills. Money refunded to dissatisfied buyers.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
Philadelphia, Agents.
Sold by J. D. Murray.

As a superb hair dressing and renovator Ayer's Hair Vigor is universally commended. It eradicates scurf and dandruff, cures all eruptions and itchings of the scalp, promotes the renewed growth of the hair, and surely prevents its fading or turning gray.

WHY SEALSKIN IS EXPENSIVE.

There are only four fur seal grounds of any importance in the world—the islands of St. George and St. Paul in Behring's Sea, which belong to the territory of Alaska, and the other two are the Commander Islands, lying 700 miles west of these in the Czar's dominions. The first two islands produce the greatest number of seals. During the months of May and June they come to the islands in flocks of thousands. Then the great slaughter takes place to supply the fashionable world with sealskin sacques. The Alaska Seal Fur Company kill about 100,000 seals annually. They pay the natives forty cents for each seal they kill and skin. No firearms are used, as it would drive the animals away and spoil the islands as a seal resort. They are killed with a single blow of a club on the head. Then the skins are quickly removed, partially cured and prepared for shipment to England, where they are dressed and dyed.

It takes a great deal of care and work to bring the fur to the rich and glossy perfection it shows when wrapped around the form of a fashionable lady. First, all the coarse hairs are removed and then the fur is dyed the shade required. But it takes experts to do this, and in London only the art seems to be well understood. Now, the value of sealskins depends entirely upon their successful treatment and the color and smoothness of a permanent nature attained. It takes three of the sealskins to make a full-sized cloak. They should last the wearer seven years without losing their rich color, and at the same time retain their perfect appearance. The best cloaks are worth over $400 apiece. The finest fur comes from young seals, between the ages of 2 and 3 years. When they get beyond the age of 4 the fur becomes stiff somewhat. At 6 years of age they are utterly worthless. Now, the great question is how long will these seals last? and if they take a notion to desert these four islands, where will they go? The United States, it is true, has restricted the number to be killed annually at 100,000, yet at this rate will they not finally become extinct? Some think they increase so fast that this number is scarcely missed. Well, that may be true. But the great danger is that they may take a notion to emigrate to unknown parts of the world. In that case the sealskin sacque that figures so prominently as an article of dress and fashion now will become obsolete and added to the history of the dodos.

WEATHER SIGNS.

A writer in the "Southern Planter" talks at length about the weather, and says of signs: If one could read the signs, each day fortells the next; to-day is the progenitor of to-morrow. When the atmosphere is telescopic and distant objects stand out unusually clear and distinct, a storm is near. We are on the crest of the wave, and the depression follows quick. It sometimes happens that clouds are not so indicative of a storm as their total absence. In this state of the atmosphere the stars are unusually numerous and bright at night, which is also a bad omen. It appears that the transparency of the air is prodigiously increased when a certain quantity of water is uniformly diffused through it. Mountaineers predict a change of weather when, the air being calm, the Alps, covered with perpetual snow, seem on a sudden to be nearer the observer, and their outlines are marked with great distinctness on the azure sky. The same condition of the atmosphere renders distant sounds more audible.

There is one redness of the east in the morning that means storm; another that indicates wind. The first is broad, deep and angry; the clouds look like an immense bed of burning coals; the second is softer and more vapory. At the point where the sun is going to rise, and in a few minutes in advance of his coming, there rises straight upward a rosy column, like a shaft of dyed vapor, blending with and yet partly separated from the clouds, and the base of which presently comes to glow like the sun himself. The day that follows is pretty sure to be windy.

It is uncertain to what extent birds and animals can foretell the weather. When swallows are seen hawking very high it is a good indication, because the insects upon which they feed venture up there only in the most suspicious weather. People live in the country all their lives without making one accurate observation about nature. The good observer of nature holds his eye long and firmly to the point, and finally gets the fact, not only because he has patience, but because his eye is sharp and his inference swift.

A STRANGE PLANT.

A plant known as *Hias taatom chem* is to be found in China. The name means that, during summer, it is a vegetable, but that in winter it becomes a worm. If it is observed at the latter end of September, nothing simulates better to the eye a yellow worm about four inches in length. The apparent transformation takes place; and one can see head, eyes, body, etc., in course of formation. It is said to furnish a capital strengthening medicine.

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Sending health in every fiber of the system, is rapidly made by that remarkable preparation, LINDSEY'S IMPROVED BLOOD SEARCHER. For the speedy cure of Scrofula, Wasting, Mercurial Disease, Eruptions, Erysipelas, vital decay, and every indication of impoverished blood, "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" is the one remedy that can always be relied upon. Druggists sell it 4 dec. y

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Is the most virulent form of blood-poisoning. Less speedily fatal, but not less certainly so, is the vitiation of the blood of which the first symptoms are Pimples, Sties, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions. When the taint of Scrofula gives warning of its presence by such indications, no time should be lost in using AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, the only perfect and reliable medicine for the purification of the blood.

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Is a foul corruption in the blood that rots out all the machinery of life. Nothing will eradicate it from the system and prevent its transmission to offspring but AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This preparation is also the only one that will cleanse the blood of Mercurial poison and the taint of Contagious Diseases. Impoverished blood is productive of

ANÆMIA,

A wretched condition indicated by Pallid Skin, Flaccid Muscles, Shattered Nerves, and Melancholy. Its first symptoms are Weakness, Languor, Loss of Nerve Force, and Mental Dejection. Its course, unchecked, leads inevitably to insanity or death. Women frequently suffer from it. The only medicine that, while purifying the blood, enriches it with new vitality, and invigorates the whole system, is

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Happy youngster. A chair, a box, half a dozen big books, bits of cord and cork. Papa's cane, Mamma's aquarium, and a vivid imagination, supply all his needs. Neither Rangeley trout nor Saguenay salmon can so delight the expert angler. Imagination has joys and limits. It will not make a dear thing cheap nor an old thing new. Real wants demand real supplies, and this fact underlies the great Oak Hall Million Dollar investment in Clothing and Cloths for Men and Boys. Real Bargains must be facts—hence the Oak Hall system offers only Bargains. For Boys the stock is big. Large Boys' Suits, $5.00 to $18.00. Small Boys' Blouse Suits, $3.50 to $12.00. Sailor Suits, $2.50 to $6.00.

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As there are persons offering for sale Phosphates branded "Twenty Five Dollar" and other similar brands, which look very much like ours, we caution farmers *not to be deceived.* Use only the article which has our name and address on each bag. None other is genuine. BAUGH & SONS, *Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers, Phila.*

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Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

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FINE SUMMER RESORT.
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Good Livery attached. Free 'Buss to and from all trains. 18apy

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OUR FAMOUS WOMEN
This is an entirely new and original work just published, and is the joint production of 200 of our *greatest living authors,* including *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Mary A. Livermore, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Mary Clemmer, Lucy Larcom,* and 11 other well known authors. These TWENTY distinguished writers have given for the first time, the complete history of the Lives and Deeds of 200 famous American women, most of whom are now living, whose lives have *never before been written,* and they tell *how* they have won their way from obscurity to fame and glory. For Thrilling Interest, Romantic Story, Spicy Humor, and Tender Pathos, this grand book is without a peer. *The Christian Advocate* says: "*This splendid book certainly is one of the very best and finest subscription books we have ever seen.*" It is splendidly illustrated with full-page engravings besides many superb portraits *from special photographs.*
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Trade Mark — QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY — On Every Bottle

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

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It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that do cure that a positive, short, and NEVER-FAILING CURE will be welcomed by all. KELLER'S **Catarrh** Remedy and **Blood** Purifier has NEVER failed in a single case where directions are followed. It strikes at the root of the disease, and eliminates the poison from the blood. Its success has been wonderful and unparalleled. Its immense sale is unprecedented. Its merits are unquestioned. It is the only preparation that reaches the seat of the disease and cures. Send for circular (or ask your druggist for one) concerning Causes, Nature and Symptoms and Cure of Catarrh. It contains testimonials of genuine and genuine cures. It is also the Best Blood Purifier in the market. For sale by Druggists generally. Wholesale by SAM'L F. KELLER & CO., Harrisburg, Pa., also by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., and SMITH, KLINE & CO., Philada., Pa.

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THE RUFF AND THE CROSS RUFF.

Whist the real game of whist derives its interest entirely from strategy, by which either tricks are made by cards which would not, but for such strategy, have power to take those tricks, or by which the plans of the adversaries to achieve such ends are detected and foiled. Tricks may be made by high cards; but there is no interest in that. Any one can take a trick with the ace of trumps. Tricks may be made by finesse—that is, by playing, instead of the best card, a lower card which may or may not take the trick according as the intermediate card or cards lie to the right or left. This is better; but the finesse pure and simple is a matter of mere chance, and so far as the actual gain of a trick is concerned there is no more scientific joy in the success of a finesse than in the capture of a trick by a high card. There is science in the finesse; but the scientific interest does not depend on the direct success or failure of the finesse at the moment, but on its bearing upon the general play of the hand. Again, tricks may be made by trumping winning cards of plain suits. There is often good science in bringing this about properly, not by the coarse lead of a single card or from a two-card suit, but by so arranging matters that the ruff, when made, shall not impair, but utilize, the trump strength which lies between you and your partner. Special pleasure is there in the cross ruff when ingeniously secured and properly employed; still more pleasure in tempting the enemy to a cross-ruff, which, while not lasting long enough to give them more than three or four tricks, just destroys their superior trump strength. But the great delight of whist strategy lies in the manœuvres by which small cards are made to conquer large ones, as when a long suit is successfully brought in, or the enemy forced by skillful strategy to lead up to a tenace. Nor is there less pleasure in noting and foiling the plans of the adversary for achieving these same ends. Nay, to the true player there ought to be pleasure even in noting the skill by which the enemy achieves success; but I fear me this is more than most players of whist attain to, however earnest may be their whist enthusiasm.

M. VERBECK AND HIS CARDS.

M. Verbeck scarcely needed the *cachet* of Sandringham for the remarkable clever feats with which he amazed his audience at the Princes' Hall recently and even experts—most jealous mortals—say that no such conjurer has appeared in London for many a long year. As Joachim with his violin, so M. Verbeck with his cards. Both are past masters of their respective arts. The cards are obedient to his every wish. They increase or diminish at his will. They fly hither and thither at a mere sign. They become devil's playthings indeed in M. Verbeck's hands. Nor is it cards alone over which he wields this occult power—for watches travel round the hall to appear under opera hats, ladies' gloves are dragged from the ample folds of gentlemen's waistcoats, wedding rings are bent and twisted only to be restored to their owners as shapely as at the altar. Unfortunately M. Verbeck speaks only French, and strenuous as were the efforts of his interpreter, M. Guibal, much of the patter was lost on his audience. Of the numerous subjects who gave their services only one was able to speak even a word of French, and his knowledge was confined to a monosyllable—*oui*—which he preserved to the last, eventually blurting it out amid a general titter. A conjurer's butt should have no nerves. The second part of the entertainment was devoted to mesmerism, in which M. Verbeck, who has an eye like a Cagliostro, experimented most successfully on his medium, Mlle. Marguerite, apparently throwing her into a series of death-like trances, paralyzing her eyelids, piercing her arm with a pin, and showing numerous other interesting proofs of his powers in this line of business. We should like M. Verbeck to have done the same with some lady from the audience for the benefit of the sceptics. But no doubt a medium or a subject requires special training, like a prima donna or a 'varsity stroke.

LEGAL PHRASEOLOGY.

If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange"—which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein"—the phrase would run thus: "I give you all and singular my estate and enterest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away with or without its rind, juice, pulp, and pips, anything heretofore or hereafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of what nature or kind soever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

Are the imaginary pictures one sees in the glowing coals an evidence that the fire draws well.

Latest style in men's hats and neckwear—Garmans.

Chronic Ulcers and Catarrh.

Mrs. Christian Zelle, aged sixty-three years, of Carondelet, St. Louis, Missouri, had a chronic ulcer on her leg which had been running for forty-three years. To use her own language, she had "tried all the doctors," but without perceptible benefit. Two of the most noted of this city advised her, as the only alternative from death, to have the leg amputated below the knee. She was troubled with an intolerable itching sensation, which only gave way to a distracting pain, which made death her daily wish. She could not sleep or rest. On March 21, this year, she commenced using Dr. Hartman's PERUNA, and to-day the leg is entirely healed, and the thankful old lady says she has slept more during the last three months than she did in the previous forty-three years.

Miss Alice Brady, of East St. Louis, Illinois, suffered from catarrh ophthalmia for five years. On April 27 she began treatment under Dr. Hartman. For a year before she was a patient of two of the best known oculists of this city, but they signally failed to help her. After one month under Dr. Hartman and his PERUNA, her eyes have almost entirely healed, and, according to her own statement, he has done more for her in this short space of time than the oculists did in the previous whole year. PERUNA, of course, did it.

Miss Annie Baker, First Avenue, Milwaukee, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending PERUNA. For years I have suffered from Asthma. I was induced to try PERUNA. It promptly relieved the paroxysms, and its continued use renders their recurrence less and less frequent. I am confident it will cure me completely."

Walker Brothers, druggists, Batavia, O., write: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN, Columbus, O., Dear Sir: Some two weeks ago I had a very peculiar case, and after a few questions were answered, I came to the conclusion it was catarrh of the stomach of the worst kind, of ten years' standing. The patient had consulted every physician far and near. I persuaded her to try your PERUNA and MANALIN. She had been having spasms every three or four days, and the fifth dose kept them off, and they have not returned since."

W. M. Griffith, Ashland, Ky., writes: "The large chronic ulcers of fifteen months' standing, are entirely healed. The swelling, pain and itching have all subsided, the leg is healed, and I am perfectly well. PERUNA is a wonderful remedy."

Millheim Marble Works.

A. C. MUSSER,

(Successor to Deininger & Musser.)

Dealer in

Monuments, Headstones,

Tombs and Coping in Marble or Granite

WORK DONE AT REASONABLE PRICES.

☞ Shop East of Bridge, Main St.

28jan3m

COURT PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. R. Smith and the Hon. Chester Hanson Aaron, Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept bearing date 1st day of Feb. 1885, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of April next, being the 27th day of April 1885, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 24th day of Mar. in the year of our Lord 1885, and the one hundred and ninth year of the Independence of the United States. W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff

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☞ We refer to the editor of this paper. eow

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—On and after Apr. 6, 1885.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		11 20 p m	
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m	
"	"	Montandon	6 45 a m	
"	"	Williamsport	7 25 a m	
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m	
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25 a m	
"	"	Renovo	9 35 a m	
"	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m	
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m	
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m	
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m	
"	"	Williamsport	11 20 a m	
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 30 p m	
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		7 40 a m	
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m	
"	"	Montandon	1 30 a m	
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m	
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55 p m	
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m	
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m	
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m	
EAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia		11 50 p m	
"	"	Harrisburg	3 50 p m	
"	"	Montandon	6 00 p m	
"	"	Williamsport	7 20 p m	
"	"	Lock Haven	8 15 p m	
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m	
(Sunday Train.				
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m	
"	"	Harrisburg	7 40 a m	
"	"	Montandon	9 37 a m	
"	"	Williamsport	10 40 a m	
"	"	Lock Haven	11 33 a m	
"	arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m	

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m	
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m	
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m	
"	"	Montandon	9 16 a m	
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m	
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m	
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane		5 45 a m	
"	"	Renovo	9 50 a m	
"	"	Lock Haven	10 56 a m	
"	"	Williamsport	12 15 p m	
"	"	Montandon	1 17 p m	
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 32 p m	
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m	
WMPT ACN	leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m	
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m	
"	"	Williamsport	6 40 p m	
"	"	Montandon	7 50 p m	
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m	
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m	

Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie		2 20 p m	
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m	
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m	
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m	
"	"	Montandon	2 00 a m	
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m	
"	"	Philadelphia	8 25 a m	

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.

Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	8.50	9.20	10.20	1.35	6.05
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.30	10.35	1.50	6.20
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.35	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.00	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00 ar.		11.20	2.55	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.32			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.20	
Centre Hall				5.54	
Linden Hall				6.15	
Oak Hall				6.25	

Leave Eastward.

	2 A.M.	4 A.M.	6	8	10 P.M.
Oak Hall		5.00			1 00
Linden Hall		5.08			1.08
Centre Hall		5.20			1.28
Rising Spring		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00	A.M.	P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.20	4.13
Vicksburg		8.15		12.16	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.24	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.35	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M.		8.35		12.40	4.50
Lewisburg, lv. 5.25		8.55	10.00	12.55	5.35
Montandon ar. 5.40		ar. 9.10	ar. 10.10	ar. 1.10	ar. 5.50

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

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A WISH.

Oh, youthful days, so bright, so clear,
Oh, youthful thought, so deep, so dear,
Oh, youthful fancy, hope and fear,
  Stay with us while you can.
Your wreaths of beauty round us twine,
Your stars of midnight, let them shine,
Kind words of duty, hands divine,
  Protect us in the van.

While fancy carries us away,
While hope is leading us astray,
Oh, bring us to the bright to-day,
  And waken us with song.
Oh, Cupid, touch us with your darts,
Oh, truth, come enter in our hearts,
And honor, best of all the parts,
  Oh, keep us from the wrong.

Around us may a heaven glow,
While guardian angels, pure as snow,
Will love and keep us from the foe
  Of earth and all its strife.
And may we know but sunny hours,
And may we pluck but thornless flowers,
Still whispering love in shady bowers,
  And pass a pleasant life.

And may our brightest dreams prove real,
And may our future but reveal
Our purest trusting that we feel
  Toward each other here.
And as we're nearing heaven's shores,
Watch-worn and weary, drop our oars,
May we find open heaven's doors,
  And enter without fear.

NICHOLAS AND CHARLOTTE.

The betrothal and marriage of the Princess Charlotte, of Russia, with Nicholas, who was then a Grand Duke, but afterward became Emperor of Russia, forms one of the sweetest and most romantic episodes in the world of European courts which is usually so devoid of love and romance, and would, on that account alone, deserve being remembered, quite regardless of the historical interest which will henceforth adhere to all the members of the family of the conqueror of France.

Princess Charlotte was born in the year 1798, and was the eldest daughter of King Frederick William the Third of Prussia and his beautiful and accomplished wife, Queen Louisa. Her early childhood elapsed amid scenes of terror and humiliation for the royal family of Prussia, and nobody would at that time have ventured to predict for her the brilliant career which Providence kept in store for this child, born and brought up under such fatal auspices. We might indeed make an exception in favor of her mother, who, with that prophetic intuition which seems to have been the distinguishing feature of that high-minded woman, wrote one day to her father, the Duke of Mecklenburg, the following lines about his daughter:

"Charlotte is given to silence and reserve, but under the apparent coolness she conceals a warm and loving heart. Her indifference and pride are but the dullest outside of a diamond of the purest water, which some day will shine forth in its brilliant lustre. Her bearings and models are noble and dignified. She has but a few friends, but these few are warmly attached to her. I know her value, and predict for her a brilliant future, if she lives long enough."

The young Princess was indeed a very frail and delicate creature, one of those tender flowers which seem to wait for the kind hand of the gardener to transplant them into a warmer clime. She was charming and handsome, but her beauty was rather that of a pale lily than that of a blooming rose.

Charlotte was just 16, when, in the year 1814, the grand Duke Nicholas, on his way to the camp of the allied armies in France, passed through Berlin and was warmly welcomed as an honored guest at the royal palace.

The description those who saw and knew the Grand Duke at that time have given of the incomparable graces of his person and mind, make it easy for us to imagine that the heart of a young girl, just budding into womanhood, was captivated and charmed by him at first sight.

Well he might have said, like Cæsar, "I came, I saw I conquered."

The Princess fell in love with him, and fortunately for her, the young Grand Duke returned her love fully as passionately.

The Grand Duke Nicholas had the reputation of being one of the handsomest, if not the very handsomest man of the times; and his majestic and stately form, which measured no less than six feet and two inches, was considered unparalleled in beauty not only in Russia, but in all Europe.

He was vigorous, strong, full of life and health, with broad shoulders and chest, while his small hands and feet were of the most aristocratic elegance. His whole figure realized the perfect model of manly and commanding beauty which the genius of a sculptor of antiquity has immortalized under the features of Apollo Belvidere.

His features were of the Grecian cast—forehead and nose formed a straight line—and large, blue, sincere eyes showed a singular combination of composure, sternness, self-reliance and pride, among which it would have been difficult for the observer to name the predominant expression.

Those who have looked closely and attentively into those remarkable eyes would have easily believed that their threatening glance would suffice to suppress a rebellion, to terrify and disarm a murderer, or to frighten away a supplicant. But there would have been but few to believe that the sternness of those eyes could be entirely softened so as to beam forth nothing but love and kindness.

Among those few, however, was the young Prussian Princess, who had drunk deep in their intoxicating fervor. It is true that she was the only person in the world in whose presence Olympian gravity of his features gave way to radiant cheerfulness, which made his manly beauty perfectly irresistible.

In such moments his magnificent brow, always the seat of meditation and thought, exhibited the serene beauty and Attic grace of a young Athenian; the serious Pericles seemed, by the invisible wand of a magician, to have been transplanted into the Youthful Alcibiades.

At this time, however, the matchless personal charms of the Grand Duke were enhanced by political prospects of the most exalted character. He was not eventually considered an heir to the imperial crown of Russia. It is true, Alexander the First, his brother had no children, but in case of his death, which could not be expected soon, the Grand Duke Constantine was to inherit the throne of Peter the Great, and leave to Nicholas at best but the position of a Prince of the first blood. Nevertheless, Frederick William, charmed alike by the beauty and intellect of his guest, and by the hope of uniting the sovereign houses of Prussia and Russia by the close ties of family union, greeted the prospect of a marriage between the Grand Duke and his daughter with enthusiasm, especially when he discovered that the young folks themselves were fond of each other.

The King then delicately insinuated to his daughter that, if she had taken a liking to the Grand Duke, and had reason to believe that the Prince entained similar feelings toward her, that their marriage would meet with no objection on his part.

But the young Princess, although secretly delighted in a hope which fully responded to the secret wishes of her heart, was either too proud or too bashful to confess to her father her love for the Grand Duke, who had not yet made any declaration to her.

In this manner the day approached on which the Grand Duke was to leave Berlin. On the eve of his departure, a grand gala supper was given in his honor, at the royal palace, and, by the way of accident or policy, the young Princess Charlotte was seated by the side of her distinguished admirer.

The Grand Duke was uncommonly taciturn during the evening. His forehead was clouded, and his gloomy eyes seemed to follow in space vague phantoms flitting before his imagination. Repeatedly he neglected to reply to questions addressed to him; and when he was asked to respond to a toast which one of the royal Princes had proposed to his honor, he seemed to awake from a profound dream which had entirely withdrawn him from his surroundings.

Suddenly, as if by a mighty effort of his will, he turned to his fair neighbor and whispered, so as only to be understood by her:

"So I shall leave Berlin to-morrow!"

He paused abruptly and looked at the Princess, as if he were waiting for an answer which expressed sorrow and grief on her part. But the Princess was fully as proud as the Grand Duke, and overcoming the violent throbbing of her heart, she said very politely to him:

"We are all very sorry to see Your Imperial Highness leave us so soon. Would it not have been possible for you to defer your departure?"

"You will all be very sorry?" muttered the Grand Duke, not entirely satisfied by the vagueness of sorrow which these words of the Princess implied. "But you in particular, madam," he added, after some hesitation; "for it will depend on you alone whether I shall stay here or depart."

"Ah!" replied Charlotte, with her sweetest smile; "and what have I to do to keep Your Imperial Highness here?"

"You must permit me to address my admiration and homage to you."

"Is that all?"

"And you must encourage me to please you."

"That is much more difficult," said the Princess, with a deep blush, but at the same time her eyes beamed forth so much affection and delight that the Prince could see at a glance that his fondest hopes had been realized beforehand.

"During my short stay at Berlin," the Grand Duke continued, in the same tone of voice, "I have taken pains to study your character and your affections; and this study has satisfied me that you would render me happy; while on the other hand, I have qualities which would secure your own happiness."

The Princess was overcome by emotion, and in her confusion did not know what to answer. At last she said:

"But here, in the presence of the whole court, at the public table, you put such a question to me!"

"Oh!" replied the Prince, "you need not make any verbal reply. It will be sufficient for you to give me some pledge of your affection. I see there on your hand a small ring, whose possession would make me very happy. Give it to me?"

"What do you think of? Here, in the presence of a hundred spectators?"

"Ah, it can be easily done without being seen by anybody. Now we are chatting so quietly with each other there is not one among the guests who suspects in the least what we are speaking about; press the ring into a morsel of bread and leave it on the table. I will take the talisman and nobody will notice it."

"The ring is really a talisman."

"I expected so. May I hope to hear its history?"

"Why not? My first governess was a Swiss lady by the name of Wildermatt. Once she went to Switzerland to enter upon an inheritance which had been bequeathed to her by a distant relative. When she came back to Berlin a few weeks afterward, she showed me quite a collection of pretty and costly jewelry, which formed a part of the inheritance. "This is a curious ring," said I to her as I put this little old fashioned ring on my finger. "Does it not look queer and cunning? Perhaps it is an old relic or talisman, and may have been worn centuries ago by a pious lady who had received it from her knight, starting for the Holy Land." I tried to take the ring from my finger again, but I could not get it off; for I was a little fleshier then than now," said Charlotte, smilingly. "My governess insisted on my keeping the ring as a souvenir. I accepted the present, and the ring has been on my finger since. Some time afterward, when I was contemplating its strange workmanship, I succeeded in pulling it from my finger, and was much surprised at seeing engraved on the inside some words, which though nearly rubbed out by the wear of time, were still legible. Now, Your Imperial Highness, what do you think were the words engraved upon it? I think when you hear them you will take some interest in the ring."

"Ah? and pray what were they?"

"The words engraved upon the inside were, "Empress of Russia." This ring had undoubtedly been presented by an Empress of Russia, to the relatives of Mrs. Wildermatt, for I was told that both this lady and her mother had formerly belonged to the household of the Czarina, your most august grandmother."

"This is really remarkable," said the Grand Duke, thoughtfully. "I am quite superstitious, and I am really inclined to regard this ring, if I should be happy enough to receive it from you as a pledge of your love, as an omen of auspicious significance."

In answer to this second and even more direct appeal to her heart, the Princess took a small piece of bread, played carelessly with it and managed to pass the ring into the soft crumbs. Then she dropped it playfully on the table quite close to the plate of her neighbor. And, after this adroit exhibition of her skill as an actress, she continued to eat as unconcernedly as if she had performed the most trivial action of her life.

With the same apparent coolness and indifference the Grand Duke picked up the bread inclosing the ring, took the latter out of its ingenious envelope and concealed it in his breast, for it was too small to fit any of his fingers. It was this ring—both the pledge of Charlotte's love and the auspicious omen of his own elevation to the imperial dignity—which Nicholas wore on a golded chain around his neck to the very last day of his life, and which, if we are not mistaken, has even descended with him into the vault of his ancestors.

Three years afterward Princess Charlotte, then only 19 years of age, and in the full splendor of beauty and happiness, made her entry into St. Petersburg by the side of her husband, whose eye had never looked prouder and whose Olympian brow had never been more serene than at this happiest moment of his life. As he looked down upon the vast multitude who had flocked together from all parts of the vast empire to greet the young Princess with shouts and rejoicings, and then again upon his fair young bride, perhaps the inscription upon the ring recurred to his mind; for, bending his head close to the ear of Charlotte he whispered: "Now Empress of the heart, and some day, perhaps, Empress of the realm."

At this moment the procession reached the main entrance of the Winter Palace, where Alexander I., the Emperor, came to meet his beautiful sister-in-law and conducted her into the sumptuous drawing rooms of the magnificent palace of the czars.

Who would believe that eight short years afterward the brilliant young Emperor had breathed his last, and that Nicholas and Charlotte would succeed to the throne of Russia? Truly the inscription on the engagement ring had proved prophetic.

Painless Extinction of Animal Life.

The mode of death to which the animals are subject is that by anæsthesia, not by suffocation or asphyxia. Physiologically there is a distinctive difference between these modes of death. Death by anæsthesia is death by sleep; death by asphyxia is death by deprivation of air. Death by anæsthesia is typically represented in death by chloroform; death by asphyxia is typically represented in drowning or in immersion in carbonic acid gas. When properly carried out, death by anæsthesia is by far the most certain and least violent of the two processes, although both are probably painless. It is worthy of record, however, that all animals are not equally susceptible to the action of the narcotic vapors. Cats, for instance, lie asleep much longer than dogs before they cease to breathe. They fall into sleep as rapidly as dogs, but do not pass so quickly into the final sleep. There is a difference between different animals of the same kind. Some dogs die almost instantly—in fact, as they fall asleep; others fall asleep and continue to sleep for several minutes before they cease to live. In the first observations, before I had rendered the narcotic atmosphere overpoweringly active for all cases, there were a few instances, nine in the first seven hundred, in which the animals slept on from half an hour until an hour after all their comrades had died. Finding out this strange peculiarity, I increased the amount of narcotic vapor until all had succumbed very nearly at the same minute, and in the last six thousand there has been no recurrence of the prolonged insensibility. The animals are now commonly all asleep in from two to three minutes, and have ceased to exist in a further period of the same duration.

Anecdote of a Cat.

About two months ago, while staying in the Rocky Mountains in Northern Colorado, I witnessed an example of fatherly affection in a tom cat, which I feel sure you will be interested to hear of. This cat had adopted two motherless kittens; he slept with them at night, guarded them in the daytime, and always superintended their meals, in which latter he showed great unselfishness; for the hostess of the ranch was in the habit of feeding the kittens out of a small bowl of milk laid on the floor, into which they at once would plunge their heads; meanwhile "Kitty Grey," the old tomcat, quite aware that there was not sufficient room for its own great head in it, too—would sit by, complacently watching them, nor move till they had finished, except when his hunger was very keen, then he would dip his paw in now and again and lick it. This was the case when I saw him, and I shall not readily forget the sight of that large gray and white cat walking demurely around the bowl to see where he could best insert his paw without disturbing the kittens, and then with his head much on one side, dipping it delicately in and out, until they had quite finished, when he at once fell to and drank up the remainder.

In sickness or in health lemonade is a safe drink. It corrects biliousness; it is a specific against worms and skin complaints.

If virtue be valued because it is politic, because in pursuit of it will be found most enjoyment and fewest sufferings, than it is not noble any more.

Broken Hearts.

In what was then a charming seaside town there lived fifty years ago, a most lovely girl, named Amy Provence—bright and radiant and witty, but, alas! as the sequel shows, most unwise, to say the least.

Of suitors she had many, and when she first appears in the light of a heroine, she had already promised her hand, with her heart in it, to a prosperous and highly respected young merchant. Her lover, Ernst Rhodes was ardently attached to her, and the course of true love ran, apparently, very smoothly. But the old fashioned fate has of turning momentous results on very small hinges, was in style then as now, and fate was busy with them.

Miss Amy was invited to visit Miss Woolsey, a wealthy old aunt in Rhode Island, before her marriage. So, bundling up some of the mysterious wedding paraphernalia, for a last, beautifying touch, for her fairy fingers were very tasteful and swift, she left her lover for a week's sojourn with her aristocratic relative.

Miss Woolsey was a lady of position and consequence, and the rare beauty and grace of her niece gave her a prestige in the eyes of the many visitors to the house. Her entertainments were unique and "just the thing," and it was with a certain degree of pride that an invitation to Miss Woolsey's was accepted by the surrounding gentry. Amy was delighted with the evidences of luxury about her; and her vanity was flattered by the numerous attentions she received from the various visitors to her aunt's house. Ernst at home was impatient for her return, chafing and wondering how Amy could go away from him, even for a week, if she loved as he loved! Fate was weaving her first thread!

Among the many who came to Miss Woolsey's, attracted by the exquisite beauty of Miss Amy, was one, a certain Mark Halse, of whom people knew little, save that he seemed to live in some style; at least, he kept a carriage, a luxury that few indulged in in those days, and said very little about himself and his antecedents. Each evening he came, and each evening saw him at Amy's side. He had not talked of love, but shrewder eyes than hers saw whither he was tending, and fate was weaving her second thread.

In the meantime Amy had been very diligent; the work was finished, the last touches given to the dainty finery, and in the near future the sweet hope of her life would be fulfilled; so thought she. Amy would go to-morrow.

We do have something to do with our destiny, inasmuch as the reins are put into our own hands, and we may turn whithersoever we will! So Mark Halse came and Amy received him.

As usual, he sat by her side, and, as usual, she let him linger there. Ernst was not by to give her his warning look, and save her from the tempter. The soft voice spoke:

"My dear Miss Amy"—and very tender was his look—"you are going away, and do you know how I shall miss you?"

"You can't 'miss' me much longer," she blushingly replied, laughing at the innocent pun.

"Ah! that is what makes my heart ache so," said he, "for when you are gone, and I think of all your happiness, I shall regret more than I can tell you that you ever came among us to so disturb the ripples of my quiet life;" and a deep sigh enforced his words.

"Please don't talk so, Mr. Halse," said Amy, "for even in this short week I have learned to prize your friendship highly, and I should be sorry indeed not to retain it."

"Amy," said he, casting off all reserve, and abruptly seizing her hand, "Amy, I can stand it no longer; I must know my fate from your own lips! When you talk to me of quiet friendship, there rushes upon me like a wave the thought of all that I lose in losing you! Will you be my wife?"

His impetuosity startled her, and she drew back.

"Do not talk so to me!" she cried. "Do you not know that in a few days I shall be Ernst's wife?"

"Yes, I know it, I know it," he pleaded, "but Amy, darling, how can I let you go? I will do anything for this dear hand. I will give you a princely home and every surrounding that wealth can purchase, if you will only come to me and be my beloved wife."

"No, no," said Amy, once more; "do not tempt me. Ernst is not rich, I know, but I love him and he loves me dearly, and I will be his wife."

Do you think that Mark Halse gave up the chase? Not he. His voice was very winning, and as he talked on and on, believe me or not as you see fit, the girl began to listen to his persuasive tones. Ernest was away, and Mark, with his fine presence and finer promises, was near—even at her very feet.

So it came that Amy Provence was not even "off with the old love before on with the new," for when Mark Halse added to all the other temptations the promise of a carriage for her very own, the poor, ambitious victim yielded, and gave to her tempter her broken faith. What he cared for it will soon appear.

The forsaken Ernst bore as well as his fortitude and outraged love would let him, the cold letter announcing to him his Amy's treachery, and never sought for an explanation. He was too manly to resent the insult, and treated the whole affair as beneath contempt, rightly judging that the false-hearted girl who could trifle with his tenderest feelings was not worth mourning for.

Miss Woolsey was well pleased at the turn in the tide of affairs, and offered the deluded girl all the necessary assistance. She was married in a few weeks from her aunt's house in a style seldom seen at that time.

Ambition and love are often at war, and one must be victor, so when Amy swallowed down the love she gave the reins to her ambition, and looked forward to her lordly home with what pleasure she might. But she knew nothing more of the man who had "led her his own way" than he had told her himself, so that when she had come to her sad awakening it was as if a thunderbolt had fallen at her feet.

What were his promises? Mere empty air! The home he took her to was a miser's home, and henceforth, and for her whole life of fifty years, she saw such sufferings as women seldom sees.

Children came to her, but no comfort with them; one grew up a miserable drunkard, and another went out from her for many years, returning finally, to settle down at home, taciturn and morose. Her husband died, and this son seemed all she had to live for, and, as his father's will had been made up entirely in his favor, the wretched woman, who had absolutely no society or friends, leaned on him for her daily bread. But in a little while he died, and all the poor mother could do now was to be thankful that she was not a pauper. Meanwhile how read his will? All everything, bequeathed to a wife and son in South America of whose existence nobody dreamed!

By the terms of the will, the son was to come North immediately on being apprised of his father's death, take the family name and look after the property; but not a word of the old mother, no care for her declining years, no love expressed, nothing for her—all as if she were not! Is it strange, after all these reverses, and the corroding remorse of fifty years, that the poor woman found her burden greater than she could bear?

When she found her miserable life drawing to its close, she sent to Ernst, and for the first time in all these years the two stood face to face! He, with his white locks, but still commanding figure, and fine, stern face, was an avenging angel! she, with her bent and trembling form, her wrinkled, careworn face, with its hungry look for human sympathy, was scarcely the brilliant beautiful girl who had gone from her home in her youth and innocence to bring upon both their lives such a terrible consummation!

They gazed at each other without a word, till at length she spoke, and the words which rang upon his ear came from the depths of a broken heart.

"Ernst!" the name, the once loved, still-loved name, lingered upon her lips like the strain of forgotten music—"Ernst, can you forgive me?"

Gently the old lover took her hand in his.

"Amy, let us understand one another. We are both old now. Since you and I met in the old time—" his voice quivered, and he raised his dewy eyes to heaven—"it is half a century. But all this fifty years is but a moment to what is to come. I have lived a lonely life, without wife or children. I should rather a thousand times have seen the green sod over your grave, and felt that you were lost to me because God took you, than to have it as it is. But your own hand gave the blow, and it was your own hand which crushed my life. But if it will be any comfort to you to feel that I do not hold resentment still, then be comforted, Amy. I am willing to leave all with God." He bowed his head over her hand and was gone.

When they came to her, hours later, she lay peacefully asleep, her white hands clasped over her breast, and the expression on her dead face calmer and serener than it had worn in life.

Fate had woven the last thread.

A Venezuelan Summer Hotel.

The bedrooms all open upon a large court and are nothing but dark cells or closets, with no ventilation except what comes in at the door. When the doors are shut but they never shut them; they would suffocate if they did—they hang a piece of matting or a sheet on a cord that stretches across about two-thirds of the way from the ground. This doesn't add to the privacy of the apartment, but it promotes comfort immensely. If the night is so hot that you cannot stay in your room the alternative is to swing a hammock in the patio, and when morning comes creep back into your cell so they can set the tables for breakfast.

There isn't a bed in the whole house; everybody sleeps on cots. The guests bring their own towels and soap, but wine is furnished without extra charge. The landlord gives you a couple of sheets and a lumpy little pillow of wool or fine hay. If you want a blanket you must bring it along, but there is very little danger of needing one.

The bathing arrangements are quite as odd. The sharks are so numerous that it is dangerous to bathe in the surf, and nobody cares to have his legs nipped off, so a semi-circular pen of piling has been erected, at government expense, reaching about 100 feet into the sea. Through this piling the surf beats quite fiercely. The pen is divided in the center by a high wall, one side being for the ladies and the other for the gentlemen. At the shore end is a miniature castle of stone, likewise divided into two large rooms, with a row of benches around the wall and hooks to hang your clothes on over them. Everybody bathes au nature; bathing dresses are unknown; you pay five cents for a ticket and ten cents for a large sheet, which is used as drapery and as a towel, and then undress. The attendant hands you a sheet when you are stripped, and concealing your nakedness with that protection you climb down the stone stairway, hang your sheet over the railing, and plunge in. The water is glorious, warm and salty, so dense that it will almost bear you on the surface, and deep enough to swim or dive. When you have had enough of it you climb up the stairs, seize your sheet, and throw it around you, sitting on the bench until you are dry enough to resume your clothes.

A Crude Wagon.

One of the crudest affairs to be seen in Mexico is the common road wagon, the wheels of which are made from a single block or of several pieces rudely pinned together, and the circumference is far from a true circle. The axle projects six or eight inches outside the wheel, which is kept in place by a wooden linchpin. The portion which passes through the wheel soon gets worn, the result being a constant wabbling and swaying. A long pole is lashed at one end to this axle, and at the other to the yoke, which, passing behind the horns, is fastened to them, all with bands of raw hide. The shrieking of the unlubricated axles is excruciating. It is asserted that the jar upon the heads of the cattle of hauling heavy loads over rough roads upon such a rig is so great that after a year or two their teeth drop out.

—In Italy oil is manufactured from grapes.

Eyesight of Hunters.

The following story, illustrating the means savages and hunters employ to discover and pursue trails successfully, although old, is worthy a place. A frontiersman reads what he calls "signs" on the prairies as readily as a city man reads the sign-boards in the streets. Tracks, a broken twig, a crushed weed, and the remains around a camp-fire, are as legible to a cow-boy, as an advertisement to a reader. A Texas paper illustrates the art of reading "signs" by the following narrative:

"About two miles from town he suddenly checked his horse, gazed intently on the ground and said, 'Some fellow has lost his saddle-horse this morning.'

"There was no advertisement on any of the trees, offering a reward for a lost horse, and, as there was no horse in sight, we were at a loss to understand how, if a horse was lost, our friend could know so much about it.

"The doctor inquired, 'how do you know that a horse has been lost?'

" 'I see his tracks.'

" 'Are not hundreds of horses pasturing on the prairie? and how do you know that this is not the track of one of them?'

" 'Because he is shod; and the horses herding on the prairies do not wear shoes.'

" 'How do you know that he is a saddle-horse and lost?'

" 'I see a rope track alongside his trail. The horse has a saddle on, and the rope hangs from the horn of the saddle.'

"But why may he not be a horse that some one has ridden over this way this morning, and why do you insist that he is lost?'

" 'Because, if a man had been on his back, he would have ridden him in a straight course. But this horse has moved from side to side of the road as he strolled along, and that is a plain sign that he grazed as he went, and that he had no rider.'

" 'After that it would not surprise me,' said the doctor, 'if you were to tell us the age of the horse, and the name of the owner.'

" 'Well, that would not be very hard to do. There are signs that have told me the owner's name, and there are other signs that, if I had time to examine, would tell me his age. I know he is one of old Pendergrast's horses. Pendergrast has a large bunch of horses down in the bottom, and an old colored man down there does all his shoeing, and shoes no other horses except his. So we know his shoe-track just the same as we know his brand.' "

Who Won't Go.

The post-master of a burg about twenty-five miles from Detroit was in the city in search of influence. He had been informed that his official head was in danger—not from the new administration, but from his fellow-townsmen."

"I tell you," he explained, as he wiped the sweat from his brow, "it's an awful strain on a feller's brain. We got our post-office about twenty years ago. Our first post-master was too high-nosed to play checkers with the boys, and we got up a petition and bounced him."

"For a better one?"

"Which was me. Yes, the boys put me in. But after a year or two they began to growl. I wouldn't lick the stamps on for 'em any longer, and the first thing I knew old Davey had my place."

"Good man!"

"Tolerably; but the first thing he did he settled his hash with us. Got his wife a new silk dress, and had a door-bell put up. It took us two years to bounce him, but we got thar!"

"And the next?"

"Wall, we gin the place to a woman, and she held it for five years and died. Then we gin it to the storekeeper, and he held it till he busted. Then the boys rallied on me agin, and I've held it for several years."

"And they want to get you out?"

"They do. I've had six circus horses wintering on my farm, and it's made 'em all jealous. A lightning-rod man has made my place his headquarters, and that's another reason they are down on me. Jist the minit a feller begins to climb up in the world they want his scalp. Soon's I heard they had a petition around to dust me and put in old man Smith, my wife went out and washed the front windows, to show 'em that she didn't consider herself no Duchess, and I put on my old duds, and sawed two cords of wood, but it didn't stop 'em. They might have got over the circus hosses and the lightning-rod man, but I've been appointed State agent fur a patent wind-mill painted in three colors. The galled jade can't forgive that."

"And what will you do?"

"Die in the harness! I've come down here to hunt up a man who says old Smith was sent to State prison in Indiana, and I'm going to have about fifty influential citizens sign a certificate to the effect that if my services are dispensed with they can't guaranty the safety of this country fur more'n a week from date."

Washington—Jefferson.

"Boss," he whispered, as he leaned over the counter, "de ole woman wants some tea mighty bad, an' I hasn't got any money."

"Can't help that, sir," was the reply. "I'm giving away more than I can afford to without taking on any new applications."

"'Zactly, boss—I presume so. Boss, please give me your full name;

"John Y. Blank."

"An dat of yer pardener."

"His name is William Jones What do you want of our names!"

"Wall, I didn't get de tea, but you used me like a gem'len, an' bein' as we has got twins in our family I'se gwine to name 'em arter you an' your pardner!"

"Oh! you said tea, eh? Why, yes I'll be happy to put you up half a pound. Green or Japan? Twins, eh? Hope the mother is doing well. Say, if you want those boys to make smart men give 'em smart names. If I were you I'd call 'em Washington and Jefferson!"

All that lies betwixt the cradle and grave is uncertain.

Iridium is a metal which is likely to have much more extensive employment than it now enjoys. Hitherto it has been chiefly used in alloy with osmium for tipping gold pens. But an American pen manufacturer has discovered that by fusing the metal at a white heat, and adding phosphorus, perfect fusion could be obtained, with all the hardness in the resulting material of the iridium itself. For mechanical applications this combination is exceedingly useful, as in the case of pen points; and its adaptability is being improved in many ways. Agate, which has hitherto been employed for fine chemical balances, is now giving place to iridium, which takes a finer edge and is not so liable to catch or break. Hypodermic needles for surgical use are now made of gold and tipped with the iridium compound, which is not subject to corrosion like the old steel points, and it is also being largely applied to instruments for surveyors and engineers and to electrical apparatus. Iridium can be obtained somewhat abundantly from the Russian platinum mines in the Ural, and it is found in combination with gold in California. Mr. Dudley of Cincinnati is engaged on experiments with the object of plating vessels with iridium, and as the metal resists the action of acids, it is likely that such vessels will be very useful in many chemical operations.

Not a Trace.

Dr. D. F. Pennington, D. D. S., 536 West Fayette street, Baltimore, Maryland, states that he has personally used the Red Star Cough Cure and in his family, and has found it a prompt and sure remedy for coughs and colds. No bad results of other cough remedies. Not a trace of opium or morphia.

A distinguished New York neurologist is preparing a paper on trance spontaneous and hypnotic, in which he lays down the principle that complete unconsciousness probably never occurs in the human brain during life. Unconsciousness may be so nearly complete that memory fails to make any record of what is going on; but he believes that this apparently absolute completeness is only relative, and that in our deepest sleep dreams occur, although too indistinct to be remembered. Sometimes, on the other hand, one is conscious of having dreamed on waking up, but can recall nothing of the nature of the phenomenon.

The curious theory of Buffon, that there were two kinds of primitive molecules of matter, living and non-living, and that no particle of living matter ever dies, "bids fair," says a biologist, writing to *La Nature*, Paris, "to be verified by modern investigation with the microscope. It has been proved by actual optical analysis that the ultimate vital factors of animal and vegetable cells are indestructible, and they have been kept in pure water for ten years in sealed receptacle without alteration in structure or appearance. This ultimate particle of life is a spherical body about one four-thousandths of a millimetre in diameter."

Oil marks on wall-paper where careless persons have rested their heads, may be removed by making a paste of cold water and pipe-clay or Fuller's earth, and laying it on the stains without rubbing it in; leave it on all night, and in the morning it can be brushed off, and the spot, unless it be a very old one, will have disappeared. If old renew the application.

Let no one overload you with favors; you will find it an insufferable burden.

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"How to travel," is the title of a little book just out. How to get the money to travel with is the most serious question of this flitting season.

There are forty Chinese watchmakers in San Fancisco. Watches must be made to "go" whatever may happen to the Chinese.

Oscar Wilde has become fleshy and was lately seen in a coat of primary color. The color is a matter of secondary consideration. It is not the coat, but the pants that makes the man.

An Artistic Humorous Gem.

The Baltimore "American" says: The choicest selection of copyrighted American humor and one which will delight every reader is now being distributed free throughout America. Nearly all the humorists and comic artists of the country are represented in it, among them "Bill Nye," Robert J. Burdette, Burlington "Hawkeye;" F. H. Gassaway, "Derrick Dodd," San Francisco "Post;" C. B. Lewis, "M. Quad," Detroit "Free Press;" Stanley Huntley, "Spoopendyke." Odie P. Read, Arkansaw "Traveler;" R. K. Munkittrick, of "Puck," and others. The book in question is the unique annual literary production of The Charles A. Vogeler Company, of this city, and is styled the St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar and Book of Health and Humor for 1885. While it has been gotten up primarily for advertising purposes, it is so replete with original matter free from advertising reference, that the business feature is almost a secondary one. Twelve million copies are issued for gratuitous distribution, being delivered from house to house in large cities, and in smaller towns furnished through the medium of druggists. It has been printed in a number of languages and for different countries. The press of Great Britain and Australia is unanimous in praising the merit and originality of its contents. The illustrated sketches are interspersed with testimonials as to the merits of the wonderful pain-cure, St. Jacob's Oil, the only remedy which received gold medals at the World's Fairs of Australia, India and other countries. The Red Star Cough Cure, a new discovery in medicine, has also space devoted to it. Boards of Health of large cities, eminent medical authorities, analytical chemists, chief officers of state and municipal governments have all testified not only to the curative effects of this remedy, but also to its freedom from narcotics, opiates and poisons, which enter so largely into the composition of old-time preparations. The former editions of this little book were very attractive, but in the present instance both publishers and contributors seem to have determined that they would give the country all that is brightest and best in American humor.

Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

To Remove Freckles.—Take a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a quarter of a dram of powdered borax, and half a dram of fine sugar. Mix together, and let them stand a week in a glass bottle; then rub a little on the face and hands at night.

Two styles of consolation.—A man's —"Just what I expected." A woman's —"I told you how it would be."

Before the wedding day she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterward she became dearer and he treasurer.

The Speaker of the House is generally known as the chair, so called because he is sat down on so often.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

We love in others what we lack ourselves, and would be everything but what we are.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

To tell men that they cannot help themselves is to fling them into recklessness and despair.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease received medals at the Centennial, N. O. State Fair, Paris Exposition, American Institute, N. Y., and others.

Happiness is something to hope for and something to love.

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.

Downright Cruelty.

To permit yourself and family to
"Suffer!"
With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily
With Hop Bitters!!!

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my
Life!
My trouble always came after eating any food—
However light
And digestible.
For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most
Exeruciating pains,
"And the only way I ever got"
"Relief!"
Was by throwing up all my stomach contained. No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until
"At last!"
I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and
Could eat nothing!
My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain; their
Efforts were no good to me.
At last I heard a good deal
"About your Hop Bitters!
And determined to try them."
Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of
One!
Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a
"Sick!"
Hour, from the same cause since.
I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such
"Advocate as I am."—Geo. Kendall, Allston, Boston, Mass.
Columbus *Advocate*, Texas, April 21, '83.
Dear Editor:—I have tried your Hop Bitters, and find they are good for any complaint. The best medicine I ever used in my family. H. Talener.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

A Sunday school teacher asked a little girl of her class if she had been baptized. "Yes," said the little girl, "two times." "Two times! Why, how could that be?" exclaimed the teacher. "It didn't take the first time," said the little girl.

"What country is this?" "This? Why, this is America." "Ah, yes; America, the asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations." "No, not of all nations." "What nation is excepted, I'd like to know?" "Why, America."

Young ladies who will not marry when they have a chance, Miss it. No doubt of it. But what are to they do? When one accepts an offer she generally Mrs. it, too.

At the Skating Rink.—Newcomer—"Yes, they seem to be having a good time, but don't they hurt themselves by falling so frequently? The floor is very hard."

"Habitue—"Yes, but the skaters are very soft."

A Blessing to Women.

Alice E. Curtis of Brunswick, Me., writes, she has suffered very much with kidney disease. Using several bottles of Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy Miss C. pronounces it a real blessing to woman for all kidney diseases.

It is a bold statement to say that any medicine is "never known to fail," but it is stated emphatically by the proprietors of Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy. This medicine is a specific for diseases of the kidneys, liver and bladder, and has a reputation of thirty years standing.

Athol, Mass., May 23, 1883.
"One bottle of Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy helped, and two completely cured me of kidney disease, and severe pains in back and sides."—James Cheney, with J. W. Goodman, Billiard Table Manufacturer.

Hypocrisy becomes a necessity for those who live scandalously.

Low Prices For Butter.

The New York *Tribune* in its market report, explained why some butter is sold for such low prices. In speaking of butter it said: "Light colored goods are very hard to dispose of and several lots were thought well sold at 8 to 10 cents." If butter makers would get the top price, they should use the Improved Butter Color, made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. It gives a pure dandelion color and never turns red, or rancid, but tends to improve and preserve the butter.

The reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not to keep us from it.

A Barberous Rhyme.

Lather me lightly and speak to me low,
Oh, interrogative barber mine;
And I will forgive if to make my hair grow,
You use magic Carboline.

Every unpleasant feeling is a sign that I have become untrue to my resolutions.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

"Now, then," said the cashier to his wife, "are you dressed for the journey, my dear?"

"All ready, my love."

"Got the boodle safe?"

"All safe."

"What kind of a dress is that you have on?"

"It's a pull-back."

"A pull-back! Good heavens! the idea of your thinking we can escape to Canada while you wear a dress like that! Don't you see I've got on a cutaway coat? Go and put on a dress with a sloping train, and your hat with a flyaway feather. We must take every precaution setting out on such a journey."

"In soft, adumbrant meshes of sieved silver the sunbeams melted through the leaves and dipped in spangles of gold upon the brown black moquetrie of shadows that led to the ragged edge of the curb where a fragile little fragment of humanity lay moaning."

"That's all right enough," said the managing editor, "but it's a little too long. Make it shorter."

"But what shall I say?" asked the blonde reporter.

"Oh, I'd just say, 'Hennessey Mulcahey's little boy Pat fell into an open sewer and broke his nose.' That will do."

A party of "Michigan painters" (cardinal) being in Washington at the time of the monumental celebration went out one day on a curiosity hunt. They reached the Treasury Department and told the guide that they were looking for curiosities.

"I'll show you one," he remarked with a twinkling eye. "Step this way, please."

He led them down a long corridor, opened a door of a room in which were about thirty clerks, and singling out one in the farthest corner who was apparently very busy, said: "See that man over yonder—the one who is at work."

"We do," responded the expectant "painters."

"Well, he's a curiosity," was all the guide said.

It was enough, for the man in the corner was the only one of the thirty who wasn't enjoying himself in sumptuous idleness.

Fair Customer—"See here, I don't believe that last can of French peas you sold me was imported at all."

Grocer—"Indeed it was, mam, I bought them direct from the importer."

"It can't be. Why French peas are always a beautiful green and these were a sort of pale yellow. There must be some mistake."

"No, mam, the peas are all right, but you know they had a great deal of cholera over in France last year and that accounts for the lack of the green color you generally find."

'Oh, goodness me! What had the cholera to do with those peas?"

"It put up the price of copperas."

Uncle John—"Well, Jimmy, have you enjoyed yourself to-day?"

Jimmy—"No, I haven't. I've had a miserable day."

Uncle John—"Miserable day? How is that?"

Jimmy—"Aunt Betsey told me to eat all the dinner I wanted; and I could not."

"Terrible thing, that attempt to blow up Gladstone, wasn't it?" said one cow county delegate to another at Sacramento the other day. "Awful, awful," said the other statesman, with a shudder. "I wonder which of us they will go after next."

The spiritualists have already begun to make Longfellow talk the awfullest grammar and the most unspeakably infamous doggerel that ever made a live man shudder. Being dead, we suppose he can stand it, but it does seem as though his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns ought to black up and hang some of the mediums.

"You seem to have all kinds of drinks behind your bar, including beef tea, and if my eyes do not deceive me I see 'yeast' on a card."

"Of course you do."

"Who drinks that?"

"How green you are! Fellows who want to raise money, to be sure."

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets."

Positively Popular; Provoke Praise; Prove Priceless, Peculiarly Prompt; Perceptibly Potent; Producing Permanent Profit; Precluding Pimples and Pustules; Promoting Purity and Peace. Purchase. Price, Petty. Pharmacists Patronizing Pierce Procure Plenty.

He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut.

"She tried her prentice hand on man,
And then she formed the lassies, O!"

"What is woman's worth?" asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: W. O. man (double you O man). But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

If God lights the candle, Satan cannot blow it out.

Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it he always gets angry.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

It is a barren kind of criticism that tells you what a thing is not.

Fits.—All Fits stopped free by *Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer*. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

All the passions die with the years; self-love alone never dies.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.

Do You Know

That the very best blood purifier and spring medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

That it cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples, and all other diseases of the blood.

That it cures biliousness, indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, and kidney and liver complaints.

That the body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season.

"I was troubled with disease of the kidneys five years, and was urged to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking half a bottle I felt greatly relieved, my appetite has never been so good, and I sleep soundly." O. Congdon, Burlington, Vt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For years I suffered from indigestion, being very restless in the night, and in the morning I would get up with a very tired feeling. After taking only part of a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I slept well and felt refreshed on waking. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me more good than anything else." Mrs. H. D. Winans, Jackson, Mich.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been of marked benefit to me. I have renewed my strength; my appetite is good; I feel like a different person." Mrs. A. P. Proctor, Marblehead, Mass.

"For over a year I had two running sores on my neck. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and am entirely cured." C. E. Lovejoy, Lowell, Mass.

That to overcome that extreme tired feeling there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

That it is a wonderful medicine for restoring and sharpening the appetite.

That it purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, and strengthens the whole system.

That delays are dangerous—now is the time to take Hood's sarsaparilla.

"I can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a safe, sure medicine. It cured me of terrible headaches, and it cured my little girl of swellings in her neck which had been lanced twice." Mrs. F. E. Lord, Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood.

"When in the spring I felt all run down and much debilitated, I found Hood's Sarsaparilla just the medicine to build me up. My wife also, after much physical prostration, found in its use new life and lasting benefit. Upon our little girl, who had been sick with scarlet fever, its effect was marvelous, entirely removing the poison from her blood and restoring her to good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla deserves our highest praise, and is worthy the high favor in which it is held by the public." E. G. Stratton, Swampscott, Mass.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for biliousness; think it a great remedy for that complaint." J. W. Abbott, Manchester, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

A real Chinaman now takes the part of *Washee-Washee* in "The Danites," Real drunkards, confidence men and murderers have a fine future before them if this rage for realism continues, as no doubt it will.

When photographers hold a debate the decision is invariably rendered in favor of the negative.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, *Why?*

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

☞ *SOLID PROOF OF THIS.*

IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,

By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD

restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.
Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

This remedy contains no injurious drugs.

CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm when applied into the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane from fresh colds, completely heals the sores and restores the senses of taste, smell and hearing. It is

NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.

A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for circular.

HAY-FEVER

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints
and Weaknesses so common
****** to our best ******
FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in Liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.
It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of Inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

LADIES. Send 25 cents silver and get ten beautiful pieces of satin, stamped ready for embroidery or painting, two colors or designs alike. Address MISS M. KELLS, Pittsfield, Mass.

F. DE LA BALZE, FINANCIAL AGENT, 77 Franklin street, P. O. Box 1920, New York. BUYS and FORWARDS all kinds of goods in any quantity; buys and sells Stocks. Bonds for investment or speculation, effects Loans, Discounts, Advances on Country Products, &c. Correspondence solicited from families and responsible private parties.

THE CHAMPION SAFETY WINDOW-SASH LOCK AND FASTENER is the only reliable Window Lock in the market, and as an anti-rattler has no equal; it has received the highest award wherever Exhibited and meets with the aproval of Architects and Builders. It is Cheap, Simple, Durable and Effective in every particular. Price per Dozen, One Dollar. Single Locks sent on receipt of 15 cents. Agents wanted in every County. Big Inducements. C. S. W. LOCK CO., 5 Clinton Place, N. Y. City.

Hop Plaster

Without doubt the best porous plaster made. When applied to any kind of pain or soreness, instant relief is felt. Sore and tired muscles, weak back or sides, sharp pains, sore chest and local pains are cured and the parts wonderfully strengthened. Made from Fresh Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Canada Balsam. Never irritates—always soothes. Ready to apply. Sold by druggists and dealers, 25c. 5 for $1. Mailed for price. HOP PLASTER CO., Boston, Mass.

My Back Aches!

$35 HARNESS for $18 sent on approval. Catalogue free. A. ANDERSON, Wholesale Manufacturer, Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED RELIABLE SALESMEN

TO introduce and sell the trade the well-known and celebrated Cigars of the NEW YORK & HAVANA CIGAR COMPANY. Liberal arrangements. SALARY or COMMISSION paid to the right man. For further particulars and terms address, at once,
The New York & Havana Cigar Co.,
51 Broadway, New York.

WORMS
In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!
INFALLIBLE
An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvellous success. Insane Persons Restored
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections. Fits, Epilepsy, etc.*
INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
See Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

BAUGH'S
TRADE MARK

$25
PHOSPHATE
Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. We are selling Baugh's Strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bones, at very Low Prices. It would surprise farmers to know how very low they can procure these brands direct from us. Send for pamphlet and address, and we will mail you our Phosphate Guide.
BAUGH & SONS, 20 So. Del. Ave. Philada., Pa.

WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS for the new book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG
OUR WILD INDIANS
By Gen. DODGE and Gen. SHERMAN. The fastest selling book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Clergymen, Editors, etc., as *The Best and Finest Illustrated Indian Book Ever Published.* It takes like wildfire, and agents sell 10 to 20 a day. 75,000 sold. Its *Great Authorship and Solid Merit* make it the *leading book for Agents.* Send for Circulars, Specimen Plate, Extra Terms, etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

SMOKE "THEO" SOLD EVERYWHERE
5 CENTS. Positively the Best. Made only by the N. Y. & Havana Cigar Co., 57 Broad way, N. Y. ASK FOR IT.

WANTED—Men and women to start a new business at their homes; no peddling; $3 and $5 cents an hour made; send 10c. for twelve samples and instructions. C. E. BOWEN, 5 Gary Street, Brockton, Mass.

VIBRATING TELEPHONE.

Gives splendid satisfaction. No-cost-to-last rental fee to pay—Sold outright and *guaranteed* to work nicely on lines within its compass (5 miles), or money refunded. Constructed on new and scientific principles, works entirely by vibration. Two or three months' rental fee to the Bell Telephone will buy outright a complete private line. It is the only PRACTICAL and RELIABLE non-electric Telephone made, and warranted to give satisfaction, or *money refunded.* AGENTS can make immense profits and get all the work they can do. No previous experience required. Where there is no agents Telephones may be ordered direct for private use. Circulars free.
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Lying Agents or A BELL and tell the truth about JONES. Put your lies on paper and sign it if you dare. U. S. STANDARD
$60.5 TON WAGON SCALES.
Beam Box, Tare Beam, Freight Paid. Free Price List. Every Size. address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

THE WORLD'S WONDERS and Official History of the Greely Expedition. Grandest book out; sells everything. Salary or com. to Agents. Write quick for special terms. Historical Pub. Co., Phila., Pa.

ALL IMPERFECTIONS of the Face, Hands & Feet, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Bl'k Heads, Scars, Pitting and treatment. Dr. John Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1870. Send 10c. for book.

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CARDS Sample Book, Premium List, Price List send free. U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

FARQUHAR KENTUCKY CORN PLANTER
Warranted the best corn dropper and most perfect force-feed fertilizer distributor in the world. Send for Circulars. Address A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

THE OPIUM-HABIT
EASILY CURED. ADVICE FREE.
Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wis.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER
Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Exam. at store or by letter. No detention from business, tested by hundreds of cases. Main Office, 851 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 1122 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M., and Sundays.

R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., APRIL 22, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

BARGAINS!

No. 1. A Worsted Jersey (that means made of long strand wool) not shoddy, at 98 cts.

No. 2. Merrimac and Allen Prints for 5 cents a yard, usual price, 7 and 8 cents.

No. 3. A plain white India Lawn at 8 cents, usual price 12c.

No. 4. All over Lace net at 37½.

No. 5. The greatest of all—Men's White Shirts, with Linen bosom, reinforced front, gusseted and finished throughout, at 25 cents.

Ask your merchant for one, and he will tell you they can not be bought. We have them in all sizes, from 13 to 16½.

☞Miss Nannie Stover has charge of the Ladies' Department and will be pleased to meet her old friends,

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte,* 1885.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——The roads are getting dusty.

——The season for bare feet is setting in.

——Our merchants are getting their new goods.

A ready-made winter shade for 48 cts. —Garmans.

——Monday was warm and some farmers began to plow.

——Sunday was a fine and spring-like day, and brought out the bees.

——Penn Hall is going to have a pleasant little trouble, one day next week.

——The pick and shovel brigade have a brisk time of it in and about our town this spring.

——A boy by name of Jordan, living in the Loop, by some accident, had a leg broken, on Monday.

——D. F. Luse has the upper end of the water pipe line under fair headway for the enlargement.

——We learn from farmers that many of the grain fields show a damaged appearance where ice had coated the surface this winter and spring.

——Mr. Henry Yearich, a well known citizen of Jacksonville, Centre county, has been seriously ill for a long while, and fears for his recovery are entertained.

——Major Fisher having placed rolls in the Farmers' Mills mill will have the mill running again in a few weeks, and with a new store at that stand will make a little boom for that village.

——Biggest excitement in Centre Hall and vicinity on account of the large and fine assortment of new goods just received at Harper & Kreamer's store. Everybody is astonished and says, "Never saw the like for bargains."

——Fresh mackerel of all grades, latest catch, sugars and coffees of best quality, all grades of teas, spices, and any thing you want embraced in the tremendous stock of new goods at Harper & Kreamer's cheap store.

——An experienced tailor has been employed in the merchant tailoring department of the Philad. Branch clothing store. You can have any kind of garment for men and boys made to order on short notice, and entire satisfaction guaranteed.

——Mr. Benjamin Bitner who had a stroke of palsy a few weeks ago, while riding on horse-back, died on last Monday morning. He lived near the Redmill, and was a good citizen and neighbor, and his loss will be felt in that neighborhood.

——The seventeen year locusts are on their way up and will be found in digging up the earth. These critters when they come will give a free concert to last the greater part of the summer, kill young trees, and the branches of larger ones, then die in disgust.

— Go to the Philad. Branch for a spring overcoat, and you will get it at a bargain. Spring suits of every style, and cheaper than elsewhere in this state. The Philad. Branch is headquarters for bargains in ready-made clothing. No impositions practiced.

——Harper & Kreamer, at their popular store, have unpacked an immense stock of new spring and summer goods. A more complete assortment of dry-goods, notions, glassware, queensware and groceries was never offered in Penns Valley. Farmers and all housekeepers will find it to their interest to call on Harper & Kreamer.

——Mr. Peter Hoffer has added to the attractions of our railroad station a shed for the exhibition of agricultural machinery, on second lot west of the roller mill. Mr. Hoffer always deals in first class, standard goods and if you want a binder, mower or other implements he will do better for you than most any other agent.

——Harper & Kreamer, at their new store, have opened the ball for new goods—first on the carpet. They have started quite a boom in bargains, and have the finest assortment of ladies' dress goods in market, and accordingly there is a great rush to their counters.

——Dale & Co. are about opening their new store at Farmer's Mills. Mr. Dale returned from the city last week, and has purchased goods. They will keep a general assortment, and will sell as low as any other store in the valley. Farmers and all housekeepers of that section are invited to call after the opening of the new store, and examine goods and prices. They want all kinds of country produce and will pay the highest market price in goods for it. Give the new store a call.

——The Osborne light steel frame Binder, and Osborne Mower, can be seen at Peter Hoffer's shed, near the mill, at the railroad station. Mr. Hoffer will keep samples of these celebrated machines at the above place during this season, and farmers are invited to examine the same. 22ap0t

——The wars and rumors of wars across the waters do not scare Lewins & Co. from a further reduction in the prices of ready-made clothing, when all else is on the rise. Low prices and No. 1 bargains in suits is their motto.

——Mr. C. P. Long, of J. D. Long & Son, Spring Mills, is going to the city this week for a stock of new goods, and such a one too as to astonish the natives when it arrives. Long's do not buy by halves and will have a stock of goods in 8 or 10 days to eclipse anything at Spring Mills heretofore. Hold up now for Long's if you want dress goods, groceries, or any other merchandise. Small profits and quick sales with fair dealing is the principle of J. D. Long & Son.

——A very fine lot of boots and shoes for the summer season has been opened at A. C. Mingle's shoe store, in Brockerhoff house block. His assortment can not be equalled in this county for quality, variety and elegance. Persons of all occupations from the laborer to the lawyer and minister will find boots and shoes to suit them at Mingle's and at prices too that defy all competition. All goods guaranteed and money refunded if not found as represented.

——PERSONAL.—Mr. S. Krumbine, of Washington, a Reporter graduate, is home on a visit, and looks well. Mrs. John K. Runkle was among our callers. Mr. Runk, of Spring Mills, gave us a call, and is one of those genial sort of men one likes to meet with. Simon Ruble has returned from a six weeks trip to the west, and gave us a call—he gives a favorable account of the western country. Ed. Krumrine, dealing in implements at Lewisburg, gave us a pleasant call.

THESE ARE SOLID FACTS.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the liver, biliousness, jaundice, consumption, weak kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at 50c a bottle by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte.

SCHOOL FUND MISSING.

Detective Crouse, of Centre county, was seen in Williamsport, last week, in search of one Soloman Etlinger, of Woodward, Centre county, who is a fugative from justice. Etlinger was treasurer of the Haines township school board and had over one thousand dollars in cash, belonging to the school fund, in his possession, all of which he took along. Besides this he managed to get about $3,000 from private individuals on indorsed papers and goods for which he never paid. He was generally considered an upright and honest business man, and his recent actions can hardly be accounted for by his friends. Much indignation prevails in the community, and especially among a large number of school teachers who have not been paid in full. They are especially anxious to see the absconding treasurer.—*Sun and Banner.*

A Scotch minister once said, "No woman could bear pain as well as a man." This is not so. Mrs. Edward Myers, of Rondout, N. Y., submitted to the operation of the removal of her hand without taking ether. Dr. Kennedy, also of Rondout, N. Y., who performed the operation said he never saw such heroism. The lady's disease was erysipelas, and afterwards the doctor gave his "Favorite Remedy" to cleanse the blood. Mrs. Meyers is now well and strong. apr

A HUNDRED REBELS DROWNED.

City of Mexico, April 17.—When the troops of the Colombian Government finally entered Colon, after it had been burned by the rebels under the leadership of Preston, they captured several squads of the rebels. It is not known just how many rebels were thus held prisoners at Colon, but good authorities place the number at about 500. Authentic information reached this city Wednesday night that the officers of the Colombian Government selected 100 of the worst rebels imprisoned at Colon, and placing them on board the steamer carried them out into the bay, where the entire 100 were thrown overboard and drowned.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, druggists. jan7y

The March number of the *Public Herald*, published by Lum Smith, 706 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, "goes for" the so-called Dr. Hale and his beastly *Health and Home* in an unmerciful manner, and calls it "Hell for Home." Mr. Smith devotes much of his time to ferret out frauds and publishes his paper in order to expose them and his conclusions are usually sound. Persons who desire his opinion on this and would like to keep posted on all other frauds should send 5 cents for a sample copy and if they consider it valuable to them become regular subscribers, at 50 cents each.

POLITICAL PULL

Is rather an uncertain thing to depend upon as a basis for obtaining the necessaries of life. With the frequent changes of party somebody is sure to get left, so that on the whole any man of brains and ability is really fortunate if, by missing a fat public job, he is compelled to take up such business as an agency for Doctor Foote's "Plain Home Talk," which is sure to be a good paying business as long as he will devote himself to it. A really popular medical book such as "Plain Home Talk" sells at all times and in all places, and often the best ground for an agency is that which has already been plowed over once or twice by an agent. There is room for all who will apply to the Murry Hill Publishing Co., 129 East 28th St., N. Y. City, and "first come, first served."

THE OLDEST MAN.

Robert Stewart, of Ramey, Clearfield county, was born in County Donegal, Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day, 1781, hence he was 104 years old on March 17. What a wonderful reservoir of reminiscence he must be. What wonderful changes he has seen, moving down the stream of time. He was a young man during the stirring scenes of 1798 in his native land. He was one of the ten thousand immigrants who came to this country in the year 1825.

A BOOM AT CENTRE HALL.

The biggest boom and excitement is about to open, beginning end of this week and lasting for weeks to come. It will be the interesting opening of Wolf & Son's new stock of goods, for spring and summer. The selection has been made with a view to excell, and to be at least the equal of any in Bellefonte or elsewhere. The finest and best dress goods in market, in latest styles, every variety of new notions and trimmings to make the most complete ladies department, with cloths, cassimers, hats, etc., for gents; boots and shoes from finest down to plow shoes, with groceries, queensware, and all other goods to make up the most elegant and richest assortment ever brought to Centre Hall. An extra week was spent in making the selection of this stock. Now all that is asked of ladies and gentlemen, and housekeepers in general, is to go and see the splendid new stock of Wolf & Son, and price the goods. Bring any kind of country produce and get the best prices in the finest and best goods in the county.

ALL QUIET AT OKLAHOMA.

Kansas City, Mo., April 19.—A telegram from Camp Russell, Indan Territory, says that all settlers have been removed from Oklahoma, though the cattle men still remain. The occupants of two ranches, the improvements on which were destroyed by the military last week, have encamped on the ground and continue to graze their cattle. The troops are now in a position to intercept any considerable force of settlers that might attempt to enter the country. Fears of trouble among the Indians have been allayed.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for some time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months. Free trial bottles of this certain cure of all throat and lung diseases at J. Zeller & Son's, Bellefonte, drug store. Large bottles $1.

STARVED TO DEATH.

Point Pleasant, West Va., April 17. About four miles below town on the side of the hill, there has been living an old woman called Granny Galloway, with two grandchildren, girls, about eight or ten years old. For several days past no smoke has been been coming from the chimney. The neighbors finally focred open the door yesterday, and found the old woman and two children dead in bed, and partly gnawed by rats. The bodies were much emaciated, and the three had evidently starved and frozen to death during the last cold spell.

Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders.—Physicians too frequently fail to recognize what they are, and even if knowing them, lack the skill or their proper treatment, so that they are liable to be allowed to progress until they are almost unendurable, and their victims are made to undergo the most frightful tortures of a surgical operation. Lose no time in taking Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," and thus avoid the surgeon's knife. apr

It is a curious fact that one of the most famous poems in our language appeared originally in a magazine that seldom touches poetry at all, and the same periodical, after an interval of 66 years, now brings out another poem very similar in theme. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was first printed in the "North American Review" for September, 1817. The May number of the Review, just out, has a poem by Robert Buchanan on "The New Buddha." The critics found fault with Bryant's poem on the ground that it was un Christain, it remains to be seen what they will say of Mr. Buchanan's. The question, "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" is ably discussed in this number by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Bishop J. L. Spalding. President J. L. Pickard writes on "Why Crime is Increasing," and David Dudley Field on "Industrial Co-operation," while Prof. Andrew F. West, of Princeton, contributes an article of great clearness and strength, on "What is Academic Freedom?" James Payn, the English novelist discusses "Success in Fiction," and T. F. Thiselton Dyer "Superstition in English Life." The new department of Comments keeps well up the standard with which it started.

Beware of Frauds.—Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It cures colds, croup, asthma, deafness and rheumatism.

Geo. Campbell, Hopkinsville, Ky., says: Burdock Blood Bitters is the best preparation for the blood and stomach ever manufactured.

"THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT"

Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," and other poems, price only two cents, Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," two cents, Rawlinson's "Seven Great Monarchies" reduced from $18 to $3, and other such characteristic victories of The Literary Revolution cause a prominent literary critic to exclaim, "What is the world coming to? The poor man is on an equality with the rich, as far as books are concerned." Mr. Alden's advertisements are always interesting reading, and lovers of good books will note one in our columns elsewhere with pleasure.

Last week an old woman named Sands died on a small farm in West Chester, N. Y. She was supposed to be poor. When her effects were examined there were found sewed up in an old petticoat $30,000 in greenbacks, bank books showing deposits of $110,000 and $100,000 in bonds. In addition to this she left real estate in several parts of New York and the farm upon which she resides. The bulk of the estate under the will will go to her four nephews, Mortimer Brown, of New York City, James and William Purdy, of Port Chester, and another in Chicago.

A St. Petersburg correspondent affirms that Nihilism has practically ceased to exist in the Russian Empire. The Nihilist societies, with which a couple of years ago the Empire fairly swarmed, have dissolved, because of lack of support among the common people of Russia, owing to their repugnance to the propaganda.

The barn of Henry S. Brubaker, in Clay township, Lancaster county, was burned, on 16, with thirteen head of cattle, three horses and all the implements.

A NEGRO FIEND LYNCHED.

Hazlehurst, Miss., April 13.—The negro tramp who committed an assault on a white lady last Thursday was captured in Alabama, brought here and placed in jail yesterday afternoon. Subsequently a mob of a hundred men took the negro from jail and hanged him. Terrible indignation and excitement prevailed.

PLASTER.—I am prepared to furnish farmers of Penns Valley with fresh Nova Scotia Plaster and tip-top Raw-Bone Phosphate, at lowest market rates.

22ap4t G. A. RUNK. Spring Mills, Pa.

SALOONS IN THE SOUTH AND IN THE NORTH.

[St. Louis Republican.]

Gov. St. John since his return from the South confesses that the temperance work is further advanced in the South than in the North. Mississippi has 930 saloons, Minnesota, with about the same population, has over 3,000; Arkansas has 1,344 saloons, California, with about the same population, has 9,369 saloons. Old Bourbon Kentucky has 4,461 saloons, and Ohio, 15,390. Startling as the statement may be, in proportion to the population, the North has twice as many saloons as the South. And yet the South is Democratic and the North Republican, and striving to be prohibition also.

ITALIANS IN EGYPT.

Dongola, April 20.—Natives who have arrived here say the Italians have advanced from Massowah in the direction of Kassala. The Arabs along the White Nile above Khartoum are deserting El Mahdi and the latter is plundering all villages and towns that are worth robbing.

The enervation and lassitude of spring time are but indications of the sluggish action of the blood, overloaded with carbonates accumulated by the use of heated food in winter. This condition may be remedied by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier known.

In Glendale, Ohio, D. W. Charles was approached on the street by a stranger who ordered him to throw up his hands. Charles drew a revolver and shot the fellow dead. Subsequently the corpse was takon charge of by two men who were driving an express wagon near the scene of the affair, since which time nothing has been heard of the dead man or the the two strangers.

——On Monday goods will be opened at Dinges' store at lower prices for cash than ever before.

The Harrisburg car works have shut down, and we expect the Lewistown *Gazette* will say Cleveland did it.

——Groceries, provisions, flour, fruit, candies and nuts given special attention at Dinges' store.

TRIAL LIST.

B F Mackley vs James P Cohick et al.
George Neff vs James P Cohick et al.
Samuel Kline vs James P Cohick et al.
John H Warren vs James P Cohick et al.
Frank Ash vs James P Cohick et al.
Joseph Beatty vs James P Cohick et al.
John Justo vs James P Cohick et al.
Wm. P Brown vs Henry J. Walker.
G Bilger Meek vs H G Elder.
H K Hicks use of vs A Baum, Jr.
Louis Pasquale vs. John Hoy, agent.
Hanlen Bros. & Co. vs Witherite & Walker.
T D Casey & Co. vs Witherite & Walker.
Samuel Hafley vs. George Rohback.

SECOND WEEK.

Smith Seltzer & Co. vs H S Sayer.
Lycoming Fire Ins. Co. vs Rev. J F Shanahan.
H Merryman's Ex'rs vs D G Bush et al.
W H Blair vs Moses Thompson et al.
Chas. Hewett et al vs P B Crider.
J A Beeber receiver, vs E Graham & Son.
John D Gardner vs John T Fowler.
David Gates vs George W Lyon.
J I Cheesman vs B Lauth.
George L Reed vs A Morrissey et al.
Margaret Nestlerode vs Williamsport & Clearfield R. R. Co.
W W Pettingill vs T F Rowland et al.
J R Lowrie, trustee, vs James Cross.
John Hoy vs A Baum, agent.
Nelson Askey et al vs James Everly.
The Salts burg Bank vs B Rich.
Mary A Barroft vs Jacob McCool.
Centre Co. Banking Co. vs B Rich.
Jas. L Sommerville et al vs John H Orvis.
John C Hoover vs B Rich.
J A & T E Greist vs B Rich.
Hoover, Hughes & Co. vs Lebanon Mut. Ins. Co.
Jas. R. Alexander et al vs John Irwin, Jr., et al.
John McCloskey vs School District, Curtin twp.
Lavina Gebhart vs Hagerstown Agricultural Imp. M'f'g Co.
Lavina Gebhart vs Bunnell & Aikens.

——The following persons have been drawn to serve as Jurors during the April term of court:

Grand Jurors.

Sam'l Decker, Walker	C W Albright, Millheim
Thomas Riley, Harris	Jas Ardery, Worth
R W Downing, ½ Moon	F Witmer Wolf, Potter
J C Boal, Potter	Rob't Henderson, Marion
Jon Shank, Howard	E L Johnson, Rush
S H Bennison, Marion	Vint Beckwith, Taylor
D G Meek, Ferguson	F F Adams, Boggs
H D Yerger, Bellefonte	D J Meyer, Potter
Z T Wenrick, Howard	Jerre Shavely, Potter
J R Alexander, Spring	Geo Armbruster, Gregg
David Barree, Gregg	Allen Ammerman, Union
John Q Miles, Huston	W G Rook, Philipsburg

Traverse Jurors—Fourth Monday April.

Jno Armagast, Benner	J Armstrong, Philipsb'g
Jos Powers, Bellefonte	P N Barnhart, Spring
Jos Loder, Howard	Henry Young, Spring
J C Nason, Huston	R D Ardery, Huston
G A Gowland, Philipsbg	H H Benner, Bellefonte
J F Rearick, Gregg	Jno Graston, Howard
Wm McGirk, College	Soi Peck, Walker
H K Hoy, Benner	A W Hafer, Millheim
E B Green, Bellefonte	J W Weaver, Boggs
Sam'l Ellenberger, Ferguson	Ed Tyson, Philipsburg
H H Weaver, Haines	Wm Miller, Bellefonte
W L Steel, Bellefonte	Daniel Dorman, Walker
O P Kreamer, Milesburg	H M Snyder, Ferguson
John Woods, Spring	G F Sevenson, Potter
Sam'l Ott, Millheim	Jno Harshberger, Penn
Barney Coyle, Philipsbg	J Pennington, Ferguson
J B Heckman, Gregg	John Harpster, Worth
Benj. Gentzel, Spring	J H Brown, Snow Shoe
Urias Shafer, Miles	Sam'l Soll, jr, Spring
Archy Allison, Potter	Sam'l Crotzer, Potter
Moses Gilbert, Miles	John H Burns, Rush
Jno Ward, Halfmoon	Wm Derstine, Bellefonte
Christ Schrock, Bellefe	Enos Ertley, Marion
	J W Gardner, Howard
	John Holmes, Marion

Traverse Jurors—First Monday May.

John H Snyder, Gregg	W L Musser, Millheim
W M M'Clintock, Potter	J L Marshall, Benner
Wm Norris, College	D H Yeager, Snow Shoe
Walter O'Brien, College	John Krebs, Ferguson
Sam'l Emerick, Union	Albert Sweeley, Liberty
Noah Gates, deceased	David Parsons, Gregg
S F Ishler, Harris	David Orr, Marion
H O Royer, Haines	Graffius Weston, Worth
J C Rankin, Snow Shoe	J H Holmes, Ferguson
Claude Cook do	Chas Gates, Halfmoon
Geo Noll, Boggs	Dan'l Garman, Bellefte
A F Cramer, Haines	J S Dingle, Liberty
Fred Heckman, Gregg	J A Yarnell, Snow Shoe
Harvey Lutz, Walker	W H Campbell, Boggs
Patrick Martin, Boggs	S F Dorman, Walker
A B Snyder, Spring	Wm Dawson, Bellefonte
J I Curtin, Bellefonte	Jos Adams, Milesburg
John Dale, Benner	Michael O'Neal, Rush

MARRIED.

April 12, at Reedsburg, by Rev. S. J. Mills, Thomas Greninger to Miss Sarah Reed, both of Boneville, Clinton Co.

Dec. 2, '84, by John L. Rankin, Esq., W. B. Snyder and Miss Lizzie Gill, both of Bellefonte.

Jan. 26, by the same, Samuel Fisher and Miss Sarah Folk, both of Bellefonte.

April 5, by the same, Joseph Hettinger and Anna M. Ebner, both of Bellefonte.

April 15, by the same, Harry Turner and Miss Catharine Sharp, both of Milesburg.

On 21, at the residence of the bride's parents, at Aaronsburg, by Rev. Finkle, Mr. Samuel Campbell, of Millheim, and Miss Kate, daughter of Wm. Harter. (The "Reporter" extends its congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple.

A GRIST MILL ROBBED AND BURNED.

Lancaster, April 16.—Thieves robbed the grist mill of Charles Hillard, in Salisbury township, last night and then set fire to the building, which with all its contents was completely destroyed. The loss is heavy. The Welch Mountain gang are believed to be the perpetrators of the outrage.

At Newburgh, New York, the other day, the grand jury indicted Hugh McCann, who is blind and over 80 years old, for the murder of his wife, aged 73, in February. The couple had frequent quarrels. The final quarrel was not witnessed, but it is supposed McCann knocked his wife down and stamped on her. She died two days after. The indictment is for murder in the first degree.

Lycoming county has a debt of $191,950.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.—I will be ready to furnish No. 1 Ground Plaster by 5th of May, at my new plaster mill, at Farmers Mills. [22ap5t] J. B. FISHEL.

CAUTION.—My wife, Elizabeth, having left my bed and board without just cause, all persons are hereby cautioned against harboring her or selling her any thing on my account as I will pay no debts contracted by her. WM FROM,
15ap3t Tusseyville, Pa.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Company will be held at the office of the company, No. 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., on Monday, 4th of May, 1885, at 11½ o'clock a. m. Election for President and Directors same day and place.
JAS. R. M'CLURE, Secretary.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.
14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

CENTRE HALL SELECT SCHOOL.

The spring term of this institution will commence on Monday, April 27, next, and continue eight weeks. All the higher English branches and Latin will be taught. Special attention will be given young gentlemen and ladies who desire to teach and prepare for examination. Tuition for the term from $4 to $7. Boarding can be had at reasonable rates.
25m4t M. SHIRES, Principal.

GRAND OPENING
AT THE
BEE-HIVE!

The BEE HIVE will be opened in its elegant new rooms, in Harris' new block, near the Bush House, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 25,

with an entire stock of NEW GOODS, and for the first week the following sledge-hammer will be rolled on the counter:

1—One lot ladies' black silk hose at $1, worth $3.

2—One lot ladies' fancy cotton hose, full, regular make, at 20c, worth 40c.

3—One lot do, best quality, at 25c, worth 50c.

4—One lot of Jerseys, slightly imperfect, at 85c, worth $1.50.

5—One lot do, very fine, at $1.25, worth $2.50.

6—One lot summer skirts, at 75c, worth $1.75.

7—One lot silk umbrellas, paragon frame, 26 in., at $2.50—28 in. at $2.75.

8—One lot unlaundried shirts at 35c, worth 75c.

9—One lot Sheviot shirts, with two collars, at 35 cts., worth 75c.

10—One lot best quality, all silk, patent low grained ribbons, new shade, No. 5 at 10c; No. 7 at 12½c; No. 10 at 15c; No. 12 at 18c.

11—One lot patent sash ribbons, at 49c, worth 75 cents.

12—One lot ladies' four-button kid gloves, beautiful spring shades, at 49c, worth $1.

13—One lot do, undressed, at 99c, worth $1.50.

14—One lot fancy border handkerchiefs, two for 5 cents.

15—One lot indigo blue fringe, warranted fast, 6½ cents.

16—One lot best shirting prints, warranted fast, at 5 cents.

17—Some standard dress prints at 5c.

Our entire stock of embroideries, lace and white goods will be found much cheaper than ever before.

None of the above goods, when sold out, can be duplicated at these prices, therefore first come, first served.

A general invitation is extended to everybody to come and see us.

GOLDSMITH BROTHERS,
BEE-HIVE STORES.

APPLICATION FOR LICENSE.—Notice is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their petition for license in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for Centre County, and that application will be made to the next session of said court to grant the same:

C G McMillen,	Bellefonte Boro.,	Tavern
W R Teller,	"	"
Daniel Garman,	"	"
Emanuel Brown,	"	"
Frank X Lehman,	"	"
James McCarty,	"	"
John Anderson,	"	Saloon
Jacob Cook	Howard Boro.,	Tavern
W S Musser,	Millheim Boro.,	"
S T Frain,	"	"
James Passmore,	Philipsburg Boro.,	"
John A McOmber,	"	"
William Parker,	"	"
Bernard Coyle,	"	"
S B Row,	"	"
John Romsiale,	"	"
Peter Ashcroft,	"	"
W H Dean,	"	"
C A Faulkner,	"	Wholesale Bottlers
F P McCloskey & Co.,	"	"
John G Geary,	Unionville Boro.,	Tavern
Alois Kohlbecker,	Boggs Township,	"
James A Livingston,	Ferguson Twp.,	"
J H Bibby,	Gregg Township,	"
H G Shafer,	"	"
C C Hummel,	Harris Township,	"
Andrew Imbel,	Haines "	"
T F Moyer,	Miles "	"
Joseph Kleckner,	Penn "	"
D J Meyer,	Potter Township,	"
D H Rahl,	"	"
John Odenkirk,	"	"
Jesse Hayes,	"	"
John G Uzzle,	Snow Shoe Twp.	"
Boston Vonderau,	"	"
Martin Healey,	"	"
E A Nolan,	"	"
George Hazel,	"	Saloon
Samuel Boyer,	"	"
J C Hicklin,	"	"
Gottlieb Haag,	Spring Township	Tavern
Henry Robb,	Walker Township,	Tavern
Jonas Stetler,	Worth Township,	"

ROBERT BRETT, Clerk.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

217 & 219 *Arch Street, Philadelphia.*

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The travelling public will find at this hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

$500,000 A YEAR.

Statement of the American, National and United States and Canada Express Company, Troy, N. Y.

The strength of Rome lay not in her multitude, nor in her grain ladened fleets. These were elements of strength, but her never-failing resources lay in the self-control and discipline of Roman soldiers. Discipline—it is the very soul to all the wonderful meaning possessed by the word "veteran." Mr. Benedict, of Troy, is a veteran in the express business. "Thirty-three years," he said to your reporter, "I've stood at this desk." It is the discipline of years of experience which gives him the position he holds in the trust and esteem of these three great corporations. "We have a business of $500,000 a year, and I've been absent from this office hardly a month in all that time, although I must confess that many times I've worked here when suffering great pain, for I have been troubled all my life with billiousness and dyspepsia. My system had become so reduced and weak that I had no appetite, and my digestion wholly disordered. I have tried various remedies, but almost two years ago I happened to hit upon Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. After using only one bottle or so I began to feel stronger in every way. The great difficulty has been with my digestion, but this seems to regulate it perfectly. I have, sir, great faith in Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. I have bought and given a great deal of it to the poor around here; those, you know, who have no money to buy medicine of any kind, for there are a great many troubled with bilious diseases and suffer on without aid. I always keep FAVORITE REMEDY in the house. I consider it the best medicine for the blood in the market. Well, I must attend to this matter for the western part of the city. Say, you tell the doctor I am coming down to Rondout to see him in August. I want to know him." I left the veteran, still at his post, rejoicing in health and greatful to Dr. Kennedy. apr

I always keep your medicines in stock Downs' Elixir is selling better than any Cough Medicine I have, and with good results. C. SMITH. Druggist, Clarkston, Mich.

Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I sell. They have advertised themselves, and I warrant every bottle. N. DEKRIEF, Druggist, Leeland, Mich.

Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, for external use is equally good.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, APR. 20, 1885.

BUTTER.		
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		27
" Western "	26	27
EGGS.		
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz.....crates		15
" " " .....bbls		15
Western, ex brands " .....crates		14½
LIVE POULTRY.		
Fowls, straight, nearby.....per lb	14	15
" mixed "	"	14
" Western, straight	"	14
" " mixed	"	13
Roosters	"	7 8
Ducks	"	13 14
Turkeys	"	14 15
Geese	"	8 10
DRESSED POULTRY.		
Turkeys, extra.....per lb	17	18
" choice	"	15 16
" medium	"	14 15
Chickens, dry-picked, extra	"	16 17
" good	"	14 15
" scalded and medium	"	12 14
Ducks, extra	"	15 16
" fair	"	11 12
Geese, extra	"	12 12
CALVES AND SHEEP.		
Calves, Del & Md, prime.....per lb		6½
" Fair to good	"	5½ 6
" Common stock	"	4 5
" Hog-dressed	"	6 7
Sheep, prime	"	5 5½
Lambs, extra	"	5 6½
Live Cattle	"	5 5½
Hogs, live	"	6 6½
Pigs, live	"	5 6
DRESSED PORK.		
Light.....per lb	6	6½
Heavy	5½	6
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.		
Cabbage, extra.....per 100	11 00	12 00
" good	" 8 00	10 00
Apples, Baldwins.....per bbl	3 00	3 25
" Greenings	" 2 75	3 00
" York State, mixed	" 2 75	3 00
Onions, Pa	" 4 00	4 50
" Western	" 3 50	4 00
POTATOES.		
Early Rose, choice.....per bus	65	68
Burbanks, choice	" 60	65
" fair	" 58	60
Pearl Mammoth	" 58	60
Beauty of Hebron	" 65	70
Peerless	"	58
CHEESE.		
N Y Factory, choice	12	12¾
Ohio, fat, fine	11	11¾
SEEDS.		
Timothy.....per bu	1 50	1 60
Clover.....per lb	8¾	9
Flax.....per bu		1 60
WOOL.		
Tub-washed.....per lb	27	30
Unwashed	" 17	20
DRIED FRUIT.		
Apples, evaporated, in cases	6	7
" good	3	4¼
" quarters		3
Blackberries	9	9¾
Cherries, pitted, prime dry	12	12½
FURS.		
Bear, black.....per lb	5 00	15 00
" Cubs	2 00	7 00
Red Fox	75	1 00
Grey	10	35
Minks	25	50
Raccoons	10	50
Musk rat, Winter	8	10
Wild Cat		25
House Cat		10
Opossum, cased, trashed out	8	12
Rabbits		2½
HIDES.		
Hides, Dry.....per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	12	13
Hides, Green, Steer	5½	6
" Cow	5	5½
" Bull	4	4½
" Salted Steer	8	8½
" Cow	8	8½
Sheep Skins, per piece	25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Lard, Country lots, prime.....per lb	7	8
Tallow, Solid	5½	6
" Cake	6	6½
Honey in Comb	10	11
Country Soap		5

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, April 20, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

	Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	47	—54
Wheat "	87¾	—97¾
Oats "	33¾	—41¾
Pork	11.85	
Lard "	7.00	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker
23 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	85
White & Mixed	80
Rye	60
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old	
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	45
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	1 85
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 18; tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 8; eggs per dozen, 12 cents.
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.
COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.